MOVING PICTURE STORIES

November 25, 1930 Vol. 37, No. 858

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Nancy Carroll

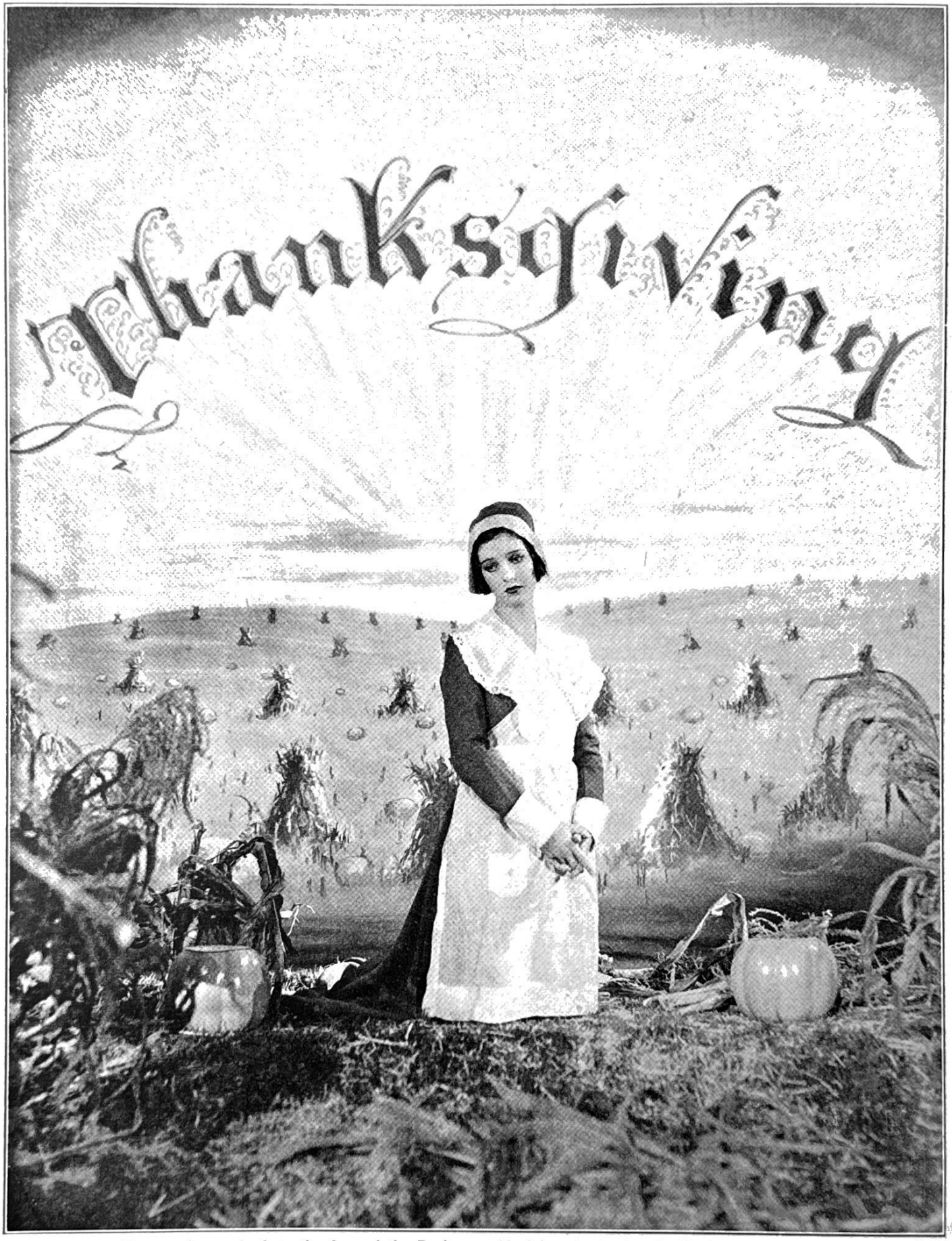
FEATURE STORIES:

Girl of the Golden West

Min and Bill

Extravagance

Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club



Loretta Young takes us back to the days of the Puritan maid giving thanks for the blessings of the harvest field.

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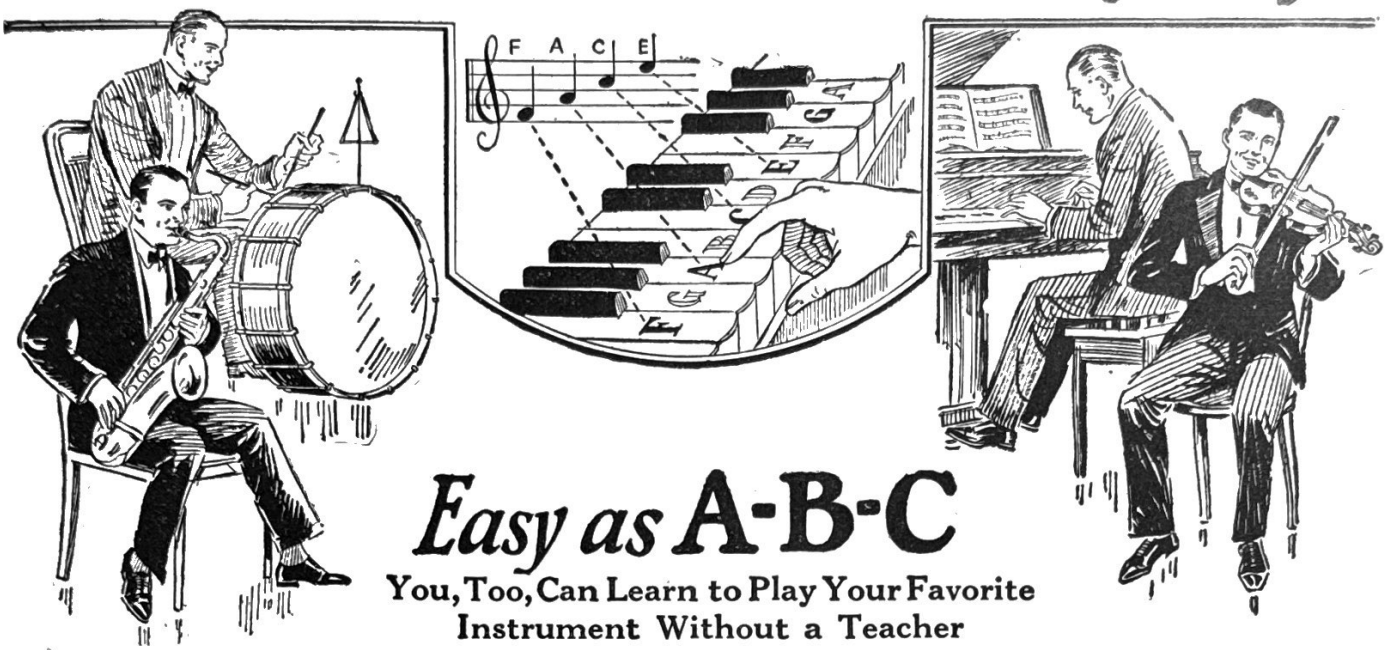
have learned music this easy way



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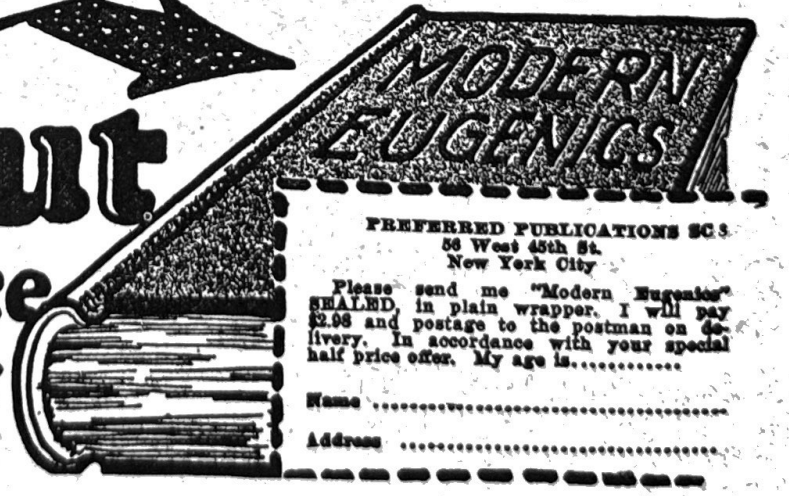

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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"Look here, Johnson! Your ways are offensive to me!"

Girl of the Golden West

By ROSEMARY LEE

HER name was Minnie, but they called her "The Girl", the rough miners that composed the population of Cloudy, the little California settlement where Minnie ran The Polka, a saloon and gambling house left her by her father. They all adored her and many of them aspired to her hand, especially the sheriff, Jack Rance, who could see no obstacle to their marriage in the existence of a wife in New Orleans. The Girl loved them all. She scolded them and took care of them by turn. She made it her personal responsibility to see that they did not drink too much and in winter she turned a room of The Polka into a schoolhouse where she endeavored to teach the young miners—and the old ones—all she knew. But among them she found none that in the slightest degree approached the image of the Prince Charming she carried in her heart. Jack Rance,

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"There are two kinds of men I can't stand, a card cheat and a thief, and you're both of them. Now get out!"

a tall, distinguished-looking man, could not understand her indifference. However, she would give in in time if he persisted in courting her. But, unknown to him—yes, even to herself—far back in her mind was the memory of the smile that had lighted the face of a handsome young stranger she had met as she was returning from a trip to Sacramento to procure books for her "boys". The meeting had been a brief one. She had alighted from the coach to breathe in for a moment the beauty of the surrounding hills and he had approached her with a cordial, "Good morning," and had placed in her hand a spray of blossoms from a nearby tree.

"Oh, thank you," she had murmured as she accepted the flowers. "They are sweet, aren't they?"

"They are still sweeter now that they're in your hands," he had replied, gazing down into her eyes with open admiration.

"Oh, you don't care what you say, do you?" she had smiled shyly.

"All aboard—let's get going!" the voice of the driver of the coach had interrupted, and, with a faint sigh of regret, more for leaving the handsome stranger than the scenery—the scenery would be there at all times—she had returned to her place and had waved her hand wistfully in farewell to the man who stood in the middle of the road until the coach had become a mere cloud of dust in the distance.

When she had returned to Cloudy, she had unconsciously compared her boys with this handsome acquaintance of the road and found them suffering by the comparison.

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of David Belasco's stage success. John Francis Dillon directed, with Ann Harding appearing as Minnie, James Rennie as Dick Johnson, Harry Bannister as Jack Rance, Ben Hendricks, Jr., as Handsome Charlie, J. Farrell MacDonald as Sonora Slim, George Cooper as Trinidad Joe, Johnnie Walker as Nick, Richard Carlisle as Jim Larkins, Arthur Stone as Joe Castro and Arthur Housman as Sidney Dick.

SHE was still glowing with the memory of her trip when, one day, Bill Ashby of the Wells Fargo Express strode into The Polka. After greeting The Girl, he leaned over the bar and advised confidentially:

"You should bank with the Wells Fargo."

"Oh, go on," Minnie laughed. "I keep the boys' money in an empty keg—but, personally, I've taken to bankin' in my stockin'."

"But what if this Ramerrez who's been visiting the other camps should drop in here?" he asked.

"I'll bet, if a road agent came in here and I offered him a drink, he'd treat me like a perfect lady," she returned. "But what brings you over here, Mr. Ashby, if you're after this Ramerrez?"

"A girl over at the Ridge, Nina Micheltorena, is after the reward we've offered," he explained. "She knows him well and she says he rode over this way. Well, I'll take a look up the road. And watch out for Ramerrez," he concluded. "He might have his eye on the find in that stocking of yours."

As the door closed on Ashby, Nick, who was The Girl's right-hand man, came up to the bar with the order:

"One whiskey—and a drink of water!"

"Oh, no, you don't! No fancy drinks here," The Girl returned.

"Well, a fella just came in from the Ridge and says he wants it with water," Nick explained.

"Just send him in here and I'll curl his hair for him," Minnie told him.

Sheriff Rance, who was standing near, smiled in approval. Imagine ordering whiskey with water—in God's own country, too, where men were men!

"Say, look here, Girl, you can't keep on runnin' this place alone," he addressed Minnie, when Nick had returned to the other room with The Girl's message. "It's gettin' too much for you. There's too much money circulatin' through The Polka. You need a man behind you. Marry me."

"Now, listen, Jack Rance," The Girl returned. "Let's have it straight right now. I run this Polka alone because I like it. My father taught me the business and,

well, don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. I carry my little weapon, I'm independent, I'm happy, The Polka's payin'—and, oh, it's all bully! You see, Jack, I have a different idea of married life than you have. I haven't forgotten my mother and father and what a happy couple they were. How they loved each other! It was beautiful! I can see mother now fussin' over father and pettin' him and father dealin' faro and me—a kid as little as a kitten—underneath the table pickin' up chips for candy. Talk about married life! That was a little heaven. I guess everybody's got a memory of their mother tucked away. I always see mine at the faro table with her foot snugglin' up to dad's and the light of lovin' in her eyes. No, Jack, I couldn't share this table and The Polka with any man unless there was a heap of carin' back of it."

Rance's eyes searched hers.

"Once when I rode in here, it wasn't nothin' but Jack, Jack, Jack Rance, and then you went on that trip to Sacramento and Monterey—and you changed. Who's the man?"

"Where's the man that wanted to curl my hair?" a voice interrupted. "I'm the one who ordered water with his whiskey."

Minnie looked up and a bright, happy smile lighted her eyes.

"You, eh?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Nick, this gentleman takes his whiskey as he likes it."

The newcomer bowed.

"In the presence of a lady, I'll take nothing." He paused a moment and gazed at her in bewilderment. "Pardon me, but you seem almost at home here."

"Why, she's the girl that runs The Polka," Nick put in proudly.

But too much interest was being displayed in the newcomer to suit the taste of Jack Rance.

"You're from the Ridge, the bartender said," he interrupted. "I don't remember you."

"You're mistaken," the stranger corrected. "I said that I rode over from the Ridge."

"Well, you've come to the wrong place," the sheriff told him meaningly. "Men often get mixed up when they're visitin' Nina Micheltorena of the Black Trail."

"I stopped in merely to rest my horse," the newcomer explained.

"I haven't heard your name," Rance remarked.

"My name's Johnson from Sacramento."

Minnie's hand went over the bar and she smiled into his eyes.

"Oh, that's lovely! I'm glad to know you, Mr. Johnson of Sacramento."

Then she offered him her choicest cigars and liquors—on the house. Rance stood it as long as he could, then he stepped closer.

"Look here, Johnson. Your ways are offensive to me. Ny name's Rance—Jack Rance. Your business here—" He called to the boys who were playing cards in the adjoining room, "Look! Here's a man who won't explain his business."

The rough miners gathered around the newcomer menacingly. Then The Girl stepped before them.

"Oh, wait a minute, boys," she said. "I know him." Rance gave an exclamation of surprise. "Yes, I didn't tell you," she continued a trifle nervously, "but I know him. Gentlemen, I'll vouch for Mr. Johnson of Sacramento."

The Girl's word was enough for them and the atmosphere of hostility immediately changed to one of cordial welcome.

The hours sped by as Mr. Johnson of Sacramento talked and The Girl listened with adoring eyes fixed on his face.

A few minutes later while Minnie and the newcomer were dancing together in the next room, Ashby strode in with a dark-faced man in tow.

"Found him up the road," he explained to the sheriff as he threw his prisoner into a chair.

"Tell the Senor Sheriff I know where ees Ramerrez," the latter said eagerly, then revealed the location of the famous bandit's camp.

Summoning every available man in The Polka, Rance led the posse out in search of the prey. When Minnie and her partner returned to the bar-room, they found it empty except for the prisoner, who was sitting on a chair securely bound, and Nick, who was tending bar.

"Rance didn't need the whole camp to arrest one man," The Girl exclaimed when Nick had explained the reason for the desertion of The Polka. Then she ran to the door and looked searchingly down the road and Nick followed her.

"Ramerrez, master, I have let them take me according to your bidding," the prisoner whispered after a cautious look around him. "Our men are hidden in the bushes nearby. I led the sheriff far off, so I can slip away, quickly rob this place, then fly. Ashby is here. By tomorrow's twilight, you must be safe in your rancho."

"No, I raid on," the other said as he cut the rope that bound the man and set him free.

The next moment The Girl and Nick returned to the room. The latter started to put up the shutters and close up for the night but Minnie protested at locking up so early.

"There's so much money here," Nick reminded her. "Why, you know that Senora has over ten thousand dollars in that keg." He lowered his voice and nodded in

(*Continued on page* 18)

Extravagance

By ETHEL ROSEMON

ALICE KENDALL and FRED GARLAN had been married a year, a year of gay parties for Alice, a year of nights at the office for Fred, working constantly to keep up with the ever-increasing demands of his lovely young wife. Alice assumed it was an easy matter to procure the expensive evening gowns, the furs and jewels which the other young matrons in her set possessed. Gradually she began to resent the fact that work often prevented Fred from being her escort at dinners and the theatre.

A crisis had come in the husband's business affairs when he sat down at the breakfast table one morning to find a sheaf of bills staring him in the face. He gently reminded Alice that she would have to economize. She dutifully promised, proudly calling his attention to the fact that, as the statement before him showed, she had bought three hats for the price of one.

"That's fine, dear," he told her patiently, "but you'll have to do even better than that."

"Fred, is there anything wrong with your business," she asked, sincerely desiring to understand his financial affairs.

"Not exactly, but it takes a lot of capital to meet present competition. Every dollar counts right now."

Alice promised to show him just how economical a little wife she could be—and five minutes later was asking him to buy her a sable coat. He thought she was joking and told her so.

"Other women have them," she pouted.

"Women you see wearing sable coats don't get them from their husbands," he returned, "unless they happen to be millionaires."

The conversation was brought to a close by the honking of Jim Hamilton's automobile horn outside the window. Jim always called for his friend on the way to the office and his wife, Esther, and Alice had been friends from schooldays.

As soon as Fred took his place in the car, he spoke of the worry that was uppermost in his mind. It took a lot of cash to keep a wife in the things she wanted and he had to work every waking hour to make money as fast as Alice could spend it. The other man could not resist a smile of pride.

"Esther can make money go further than any woman I ever saw. I'll have her tell Alice how she does it. Why, when I left the house this morning, she was hurrying to some place where she said they were practically giving things away."

ESTHER was right. No money was exchanged at the place to which she was hastily betaking her lovely blonde self but, in the end, the price demanded was higher than many women would care to pay. The discreet Japanese butler of Harrison Morrell, one of the city's wealthiest bachelors, admitted her to his apartment and then silently withdrew. Morrell hastened forward to greet her affectionately. He had a surprise for her this morning and had been anxiously awaiting her arrival. The sable coat he took from its wrapping was a marvelous background for her beauty and she gave voice to rapturous delight as she snuggled into its softness. She had no fear that she would not be able to explain the gift to her husband. He would readily believe that she had purchased it at one of the fur sales the papers were featuring, just as he credited her stories that the costly brooches and bracelets which Morrell showered upon her were just paste that she had picked up for three ninety-eight or so.

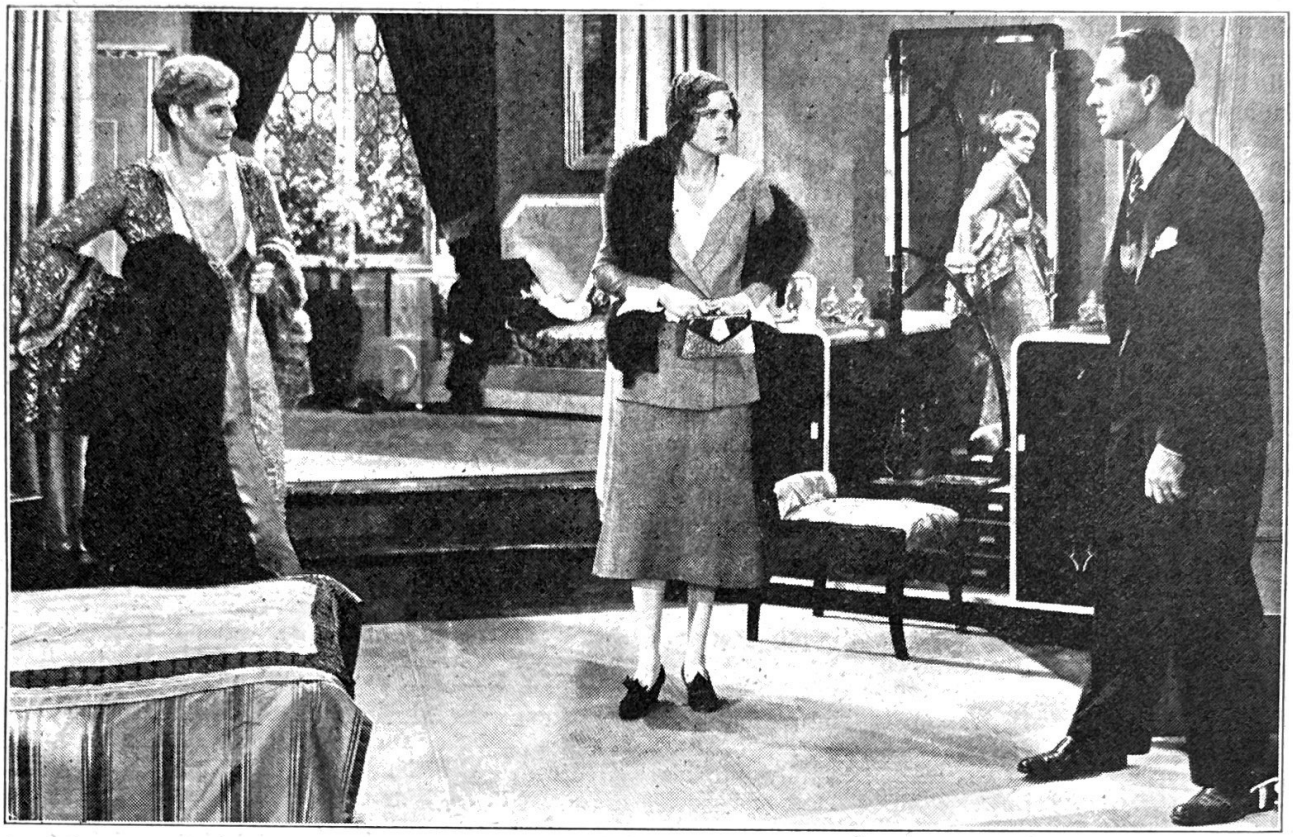
"Where did you get this coat?"

A FEW days later, Esther received with feigned regret the news that her husband must go on an extended business trip to Chicago. As soon as the door had closed behind him she phoned Morrell the glad news and asked him to meet her at the Ritz for luncheon. The man hesitated a brief second and Esther put in:

"It will be all right. We'll have a chaperone. I'm lunching with my friend, Mrs. Garlan. You can appear upon the scene quite unexpectedly, a casual acquaintance."

But the little plan did not work out quite as Esther had expected. Harrison Morrell, a connoisseur of feminine beauty, was immediately attracted to the lovely, dark-eyed matron and made no attempt to hide his admiration. As they stepped on the floor to dance, the other woman's eyes narrowed with jealousy. And Morrell lost no time in following up the acquaintance thus begun. At a bridge party given by Esther, which Alice was forced to attend alone, owing to the fact that Fred had an important conference, the wealthy bachelor managed it so that Alice was his partner and he also managed to have her win $2,200. At the end of the game, as the others hurried into the supper room, he detained her upon the

This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by A. P. Younger. Adele Buffington, Frances Hylan and Phil Rosen wrote the scenario and Phil Rosen directed, with June Collyer appearing as Alice Kendall, Lloyd Hughes as Fred Garlan, Owen Moore as Jim Hamilton, Dorothy Christy as Esther Hamilton, Jameson Thomas as Harrison Morrell, Nella Walker as Mrs. Kendall, Bobby Agnew as Billie, Gwen Lee as Sally, Addie McPhai as Helen and Joan Standing as the maid.



"Why, Jim, you startled me. I didn't hear you come in."

pretext of congratulating her upon her good fortune.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" he asked.

"Oh, go places and buy things," she smiled.

"Why don't you invest it in some stock and make a real killing?" he suggested. "Suppose you let me do a little trading in the market for you."

Alice gladly handed over to him the $2,200 check. It would be great fun to play the market and Morrell had promised her she wouldn't lose. However, a week later she was amazed to receive in the mail a check for $32,000, the earnings of her stock. That entire week she had not spoken to Fred. The quarrel that had ensued upon his refusal to neglect his business conference and accompany her to Esther's party had been a bitter one and the young wife was determined to teach her husband a lesson. For that reason, she did not mention the receipt of the check. She intended to tell him later when they were on speaking terms. That same morning, Morrell phoned and asked her how she was going to spend her recently acquired wealth. Laughingly she told him she intended to satisfy the desire of years by investing in a sable coat. He begged to accompany her on her shopping expedition as he was an expert on furs. Alice readily consented and happily began to don her most becoming frock. The purchase secured, they lunched at the Ritz. There, Esther, who had called at Morrell's office and learned from his secretary where he was lunching, joined them. Morrell's displeasure at her appearance was quite evident, but Alice was still innocent of the fact that the two were more than acquaintances and greeted her friend cordially;

"Hello, Esther! Why you have a sable, too! I just bought mine. Isn't it gorgeous? Did you get yours at Durlings?"

She saw no hidden meaning behind the studied sweet- of the other's reply:

"I got mine the same place you got yours, dear."

"Mrs. Garlan made quite a clean-up in the market," Morrell hastened to explain.

"My, wasn't she fortunate!" Esther commented.

"Fortunate?" Alice repeated. "It's easy, my dear. All you have to do is give Mr. Morrell your money and the next thing you get a letter telling you you're rich."

Esther gave a quick glance at Morrell from beneath her half-lowered eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Morrell's quite an expert at that sort of thing."

"And on furs, too," Alice added. "What he knows about sables would fill a book."

Esther shook a playful finger at the uncomfortable man.

"Really? I'm learning things about you, Mr. Morrell."

He rose and nervously pushed back his chair.

"I hate to end this pleasant luncheon here," he announced, "but I must be running along. You'll excuse us, Mrs. Hamilton?"

Esther picked up her purse and gloves.

"I was just leaving, myself. Would you mind dropping me off at my apartment?"

"Certainly, we'd be delighted," Morrell assented with all the cordiality he could muster at the moment.

"But, Esther dear, aren't you hungry?" Alice protested.

"Oh, no," the other smiled. "I had just finished eating when I spied you two."

MEANWHILE, at a table at the opposite end of the room, Fred Garlan was lunching with his secretary and a Mr. Wilson, a prospective investor in his business. The girl had seen Mrs. Garlan and her escort enter the dining-room and, under pretext of making it more convenient for her employer to talk to his client, had suggested that they change places in order that Fred might not face his wife's table. But Morrell had just handed

Alice into the car and had turned to Esther when the two men glanced from the window.

"Hello!" Mr. Wilson commented. "Morrell has two sable ladies with him today. He must get a quantity discount on fur coats."

"You can be sure no woman ever got anything from that man for nothing," Fred remarked. Then his face went white as he recognized the lovely blonde who was standing on the curb. "Did you see who that was?"

"Why, what's the matter?" the other man asked in alarm.

"One of those women is the wife of my best friend," Fred said tensely. "Poor Jim!"

ALICE was radiantly happy at the acquisition of her long-desired sable—and her happiness extended to the world in general. She could no longer remain angry with Fred whom, deep down in her heart, she adored, so her first act upon returning to her apartment was to write a card and stick it in her picture on his dresser:

"I'm sorry, dear—awfully sorry—and miserable."

The message was the first thing that greeted Fred's eyes when he returned from the office that evening, weary from work and worry, and a smile of happiness chased the gloom from his face. Tenderly he took up the card, wrote beneath Alice's words, "So am I," and placed it on her vanity table.

When the girl discovered it, she ran happily into his arms. They wouldn't quarrel any more. He could work down at the office as late as he wanted to and she would stay home and wait for him as a dutiful little wife should. They planned a reunion celebration for the next evening and Fred promised that no amount of work could prevent him from keeping his engagement with her.

"Oh, Fred dear, I have a surprise for you," she told him, anxious to exhibit her new treasure. "Esther and I were—"

"Just a moment," he interrupted. "You mustn't see Esther Hamilton any more. She was at the Ritz today with that fellow, Morrell, and she was wearing a sable coat. She is not the sort of person for you to associate with."

Alice paled.

"Maybe—it wasn't Esther, dear. Are you sure?"

"I saw her. He was with two women, both wearing sables."

The wife's eyes opened wide in fear. Had he recognized her and was taking pleasure in torturing her?

"Who—who was the other woman?" she asked nervously.

"I don't know—I didn't see her—but rest assured she was the same type. Remember, you're not to see Esther again. That is final. Now what was the surprise you had for me?" he dismissed the subject.

"Close your eyes," she directed, her own fastened on the coat that hung in full view in her wardrobe. "Now don't look—be sure!" she tiptoed to the closet and hastily hung her dressing-gown over the sable wrap, then stole out to Fred and held a watch up before his eyes. "Now you can look, darling," she said.

Fred gave an exclamation of delight.

"You bought it for my birthday, didn't you?"

"Uh, uh," she agreed, "but I was keeping it until we made up. Do you like it?"

"I'm crazy about it and about you, too."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, then removed his coat and went to the wardrobe for his smoking-jacket. Alice watched him with a feeling of relief. She had not covered up the coat a moment too soon. But Fred, in taking down his own jacket, brushed against his wife's dressing-gown and it fell to the floor, leaving the sable coat in full view. He gazed at it a moment in wonder, then his eyes opened wide in understanding—and anger. He grasped the coat in his hands and confronted the frightened girl.

"Where did you get this coat?" he demanded.

"Why that's what I wanted to tell you," she began.

"Where did you get it?" he repeated. "Were you with Esther today?"

"Fred, let me tell you—"

"You were with her, with her and Morrell. He gave you that coat."

"No, Fred, he didn't," she denied. "I make the money in the stock market."

"You mean Morrell made it for you. And where did you get the money to invest?"

"I won it—playing bridge."

"Were you playing with Morrell?"

"Yes, Fred, but let me tell you—"

But the man could put only one construction on his wife's possession of the coat.

"So you're just like your friend Esther—a cheat! You'd sell yourself for a sable coat! Harrison Morrell isn't giving a woman anything unless—" But Esther had heard enough. She grasped the disputed garment in her hands and started for the door. "Where are you going?" Fred called after her.

"It's none of your damned business!" she cried as she dashed from the apartment.

ALICE returned to her mother's home and at once started divorce proceedings. The papers were served on Fred the very day he received word that the bank had refused to renew his loan, thus necessitating the closing up of the firm of Garlan & Co. The next day, Alice breezed in from tea at the Ritz and found her mother bending over a letter which she was reading with tear-dimmed eyes. Enclosed in the envelope had been a check with Fred's hope that she would not hurt him by refusing to accept the customary allowance. Though he would soon no longer be Alice's husband, he wanted always to remain her son.

Alice gave an exclamation of surprise when Mrs. Kendall informed her that Fred had been sending her money ever since their marriage. Her father's fortune had been dissipated to give her the luxuries enjoyed by the other debutantes of her set, leaving the mother penniless. She blamed herself for the wreck of Alice's marriage. If she had not gratified her every whim, the daughter might not have made such exhorbitant demands upon her husband.

"Don't you understand, dear?" she said gently. "He was like me. He loved you so much, he couldn't refuse you anything."

But the knowledge of her husband's generosity, instead of softening the girl as Mrs. Kendall had hoped, aroused her resentment against him to red-hot anger.

"Humph!" she snapped. "He refused me plenty of things! He wouldn't even buy me a sable coat!"

"So you bought it yourself with money that might have saved him from bankruptcy!" Mrs. Kendall put in sadly.

"Bankruptcy?" Alice repeated.

"Yes. The bank is closing him out because he can't meet notes that are due." Alice rushed over to the divan and picked up the coat she had dropped there on her entrance and started for the door. "What are you going to do?" Mrs. Kendall inquired fearfully.

"I'm going to sell this sable and pay Fred Garlan back

"Oh, something terrible has happened! I've just had a horrible lesson!"

every cent he gave you. I won't have him say we're under obligations to him."

MEANWHILE Esther was becoming genuinely worried at Morrell's neglect of her. She heard that he was sailing for Europe and immediately called at his apartment. He greeted her coldly and she at once plunged into the errand that had brought her.

"You've got to take me with you," she announced.

"Don't be absurd, Esther," he retorted, then called to Tito, his Japanese butler, "Go at once to the steamship company and make another reservation—for Mrs. Fred Garlan."

"But, Harrison—Harrison, you surely don't mean—" Esther gasped.

Morrell turned to her with no show of emotion.

"I mean that, as soon as Mrs. Garlan gets her divorce, we're going to be married."

"But what about me?" the woman humbled her pride in the dust.

"I'm sure your husband can best answer that," he said, turning away from her.

With her sable coat dragging behind her on the floor, Esther slowly made her way from Morrell's apartment. The next day she nervously awaited Alice's call. She had sent her a message that she was ill and wished to see her. When the girl hastened to her home, she was amazed to find her friend dressed and walking the floor when she had expected to find her prostrated.

"Why, I thought you were ill!" she greeted in surprise.

"Thank you. I'm feeling better now that you're here," the other returned sarcastically.

"I'm awfully glad it's not serious, dear," Alice told her with genuine relief. "I'd feel like a criminal running off to Europe with you not well."

"Your friendship is such a comfort," the other commented, "but you aren't going to get away with it. You're not going to sail with Harrison Morrell."

"Why not?" Alice inquired, finally sensing that there was something radically wrong.

Esther came closer and her eyes burned into her friend's.

"You thief, pretending friendship while you steal the man I love! Oh, you needn't look so utterly dumb and innocent, for you're not going to get away with it—because Morrell belongs to me. I've been all to him a woman can possibly be to a man. Until you came along, he loved me. Look!" From her dressing-table she took a handful of costly gems. "He gave me this—and this—and this"—from the chaise-longue she picked up the sable coat—"and this." She stopped abruptly and turned, startled, aware of a third presence in the room—and looked into the steel-cold eyes of her husband. "Why, Jim," she gasped, "you startled me." Her husband stood motionless, showing no intention of bestowing the usual greeting. "Aren't you going to kiss me, dear?" she asked fearfully.

The man came closer to her.

"Why—yes—of course," he replied with a strange intensity.

A shot rang out. Esther crumpled to the floor. Another—and Jim's lifeless body fell beside that of his wife.

With a suppressed scream of horror, Alice dashed from the apartment and entered the motor that was waiting for her at the door. Fred and Mrs. Kendall, who were talking in the latter's living-room, looked up in alarm as the trembling, white-faced girl rushed into the room and threw herself into her mother's arms, sobbing hysterically.

"Why, Alice dear, what has happened?" Mrs. Kendall gasped.

Fred came over to the two women and drew his wife into his protecting embrace.

"Tell me what it is, sweetheart," he pleaded.

"Oh, Fred, something terrible has happened," she sobbed. "I've just had a horrible lesson."

He was still trying to calm her when from the street outside came the penetrating voice of a newsboy:

(*Continued on page* 18)

As a gay young caballero of Mexico, Richard Barthelmess makes love to Marion Nixon in this beautiful setting in his next picture, "Adios."

That's That

THE latest recruit to the number of picture favorites who are fighting to regain health, lost through the strenuous dieting required to live up to the camera's demand for a sylph-like figure, or nervous strain due to a rush of production work, is lovely Mary Astor. Mary, as you remember, suffered a severe shock in the loss of her husband, Kenneth Hawks, who was killed in an airplane crash. But hers is the fighting spirit and she bravely went about her duties, throwing herself wholeheartedly into her work. She appeared in support of Ann Harding and gave us one of the best characterizations of her career. A little stouter, perhaps, than she was in earlier days, she had never been so lovely. Then came the thinning down process and Mary lost weight at the dear cost of vitality. Now she has had to stop work, it may be for several months, and is out in the desert trying to recuperate. We are sorry, for work was the best panacea for her grief. But that fighting spirit that is hers will win; that and the good wishes of her host of admirers.

* * *

ONE of the busiest juveniles on the screen today is Phillips Holmes—and no wonder. What a boy—not only in personality but in histrionic ability! The son of Taylor Holmes, a popular star of the legitimate stage, he comes by both naturally. He has now completed the part of the *boy* in the stage play, "Barber John's Boy", which comes to the screen as "Man to Man", with Grant Mitchell appearing in his first talkie as *Barber John*. Young Holmes is now in New York, working at the Paramount Studios in support of our red-headed Nancy (Carroll, of course, who else?) in "Stolen Heaven". What a pair they make!

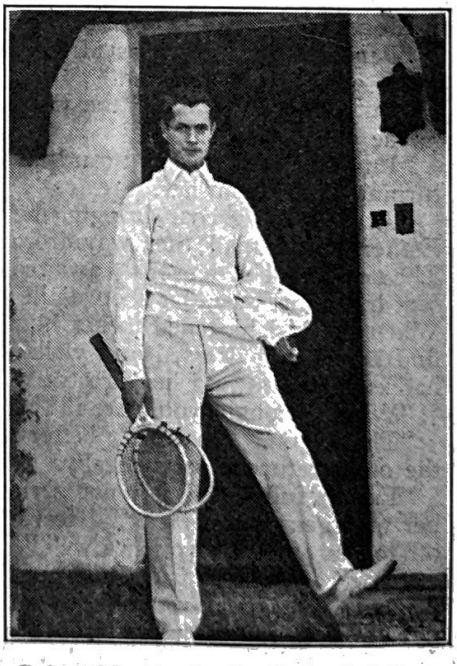
WILL ROGERS will don familiar garb when he begins work in "The Heir to the Hoorah", purchased by Fox Films as a starring picture to follow "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court". Rogers will play the part of a cowboy for the first time in talking pictures, although his rope-throwing tricks and cowboy costume are familiar to theatre audiences in America and abroad.

* * *

KEN MAYNARD has the reputation of never forgetting a friend. Additional proof of this came to light recently when he was engaged by Tiffany Productions to make "The Midnight Stage". He insisted that Henry McClure be given one of the important rôles. McClure, it seems, was the star of a Wild West Show at one time and took young Maynard from a ranch and gave him a job. Now, at last, Ken has had a long-desired opportunity to repay the compliment.

* * *

CONSTANCE BENNETT is proving these days that she can do more than act charmingly, look beautiful and select and wear clothes



Robert Montgomery is the hero of Greta Garbo's next release, "Inspiration".

By

RUTH RAND

to perfection. She is now taking a hand in the direction of her own pictures. In "Sin Takes a Holiday", shortly to be released, she acted as technical director. Among the sets are seven Parisian shops—and Constance knows her Paris—and her shops.

* * *

IT USED to be from the stage to the screen; now it's from the screen to the stage and back again. There's Esther Ralston, one of the loveliest blondes in pictures. For some reason, her contract with Paramount was not renewed and Esther bent her efforts vaudeville-ways. For the past year she has been appearing in the two- and three-a-day. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cast her for Lawrence Tibbett's leading lady in "The Southerner". So pleased with her work were the powers-that-be that the company has offered her a long-term contract. The chances are that she will accept, for what girl would not prefer a permanent home in Hollywood to trouping around the country in all sorts of weather?

* * *

ANOTHER favorite who is returning to the screen after a temporary absence is Tommy Meighan, who set many a young heart aflutter in the days of the silents.

Of course, this turkey is only a pumpkin-pie dream but he seems to look very real to Mary Doran.

In "The Virtuous Sin," Kay Francis essays a new type of role with great success.

Tommy's Irish good looks were always a joy to us and we liked his acting, too. Now he has become a Fox player. He will be featured in "Young Sinners" with several other prominent players. Give Tommy a few good plays and all bets are on him.

* * *

THIRTEEN is Fifi D'Orsay's lucky number. She is one of thirteen children and usually waits until the thirteenth of the month before signing new contracts. She is now playing the lead in "Those Three French Girls".

* * *

ONE can be a famous scenarist and a good cook as well. Every day Frances Marion, noted screen writer, brought a home-cooked lunch to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for her husband, George Hill, directing Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in "Min and Bill". She did it partly to see that he ate regularly and partly to be sure he wouldn't have indigestion—because she says that indigestion hampers a director's work. Since he's been married, Hill's put on some ten pounds.

* * *

DETERMINATION got Marjorie Rambeau, now playing with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration", where she was. As a child, Miss Rambeau was an invalid. When she first began to act in a San Francisco stock company, she took physical culture courses to become strong enough to continue with the grueling work of the stage. Later she became one of Broadway's most brilliant stars.

"Acting," she says, "takes as much strength and stamina as stevedoring, for the information of those who think it's a bed of roses."

And don't most people?

Min and Bill

By VAL LEWTON

"MIN, it's the cops!"

Nancy, the little slavey of Min Daggert's boarding house on the waterfront in a fishing village near Seattle, where the great Cameron Canneries were located, whispered this information to her mistress through the crack of a partially opened door leading into a disordered bedroom.

Min, who had seen better days, was the belligerent, sloppy, kind-hearted keeper of this boarding house and gin mill.

"Cops!" she repeated excitedly. "Cops! Come in here!"

Nancy stepped into the room quickly and whispered: "They're downstairs! They're after me! Oh, don't let them take me away from you, Min!"

"Over my dead body they will!" She thought it over for a moment. Nancy was not her child. She was the offspring of Bella Pringle, a former co-worker, whom she had adopted. She had brought the little girl up to the best of her ability. Nancy worked hard, rose early and yet had never been allowed to come into contact with the contaminating influences of the waterfront. "Listen!" she said finally. "Run like the devil and hide under the pilin's. If they start lookin' for you, then crawl into the sewer pipe."

"I can't, Min. They know I'm here. They told me to get you and bring you right down. There's three of 'em."

"If they lay their dirty hands on her—I'll——" Min threatened.

"Sh! Pull in your horns, Min—cops is cops," Min's old sailor lover, Bill, warned her.

"Nancy, quick—get my carpet slippers," Min ordered, and, as she put them on, added, "I'm scared out of my wits. You come on down with me, Bill."

IN the dirty bar-room, surrounded by the usual group of fishermen and sailors that frequented the place, were two men and a police officer.

"Well, what do you want?" Min asked.

"Groot's my name," one of the men answered. "I'm a truant officer. How long have you had this girl?"

"Ever since she was six months old."

"Where'd you get her?"

"Her mother left her with me."

"Where is her mother now?"

"How do I know? She kicked the bucket."

"A report has come in from the Child Welfare League that this girl has been terribly overworked."

"She don't work no harder than the rest of us."

"That's the gospel truth," Nancy said. "I don't. The Chink gets up at four—but I don't have to get up till five o'clock."

"And you're through with your work about nine o'clock at night?" Groot said slyly.

"Sure I am—sometimes by eight-thirty."

"That's splendid! I suppose you rest all day Sunday?"

"What for? Do you think Min would have a dirty loafer around? Sunday's our big day—it comes after Saturday night."

"Oh, yes, that's so. Now I see why you're too busy to go to school."

"I won't go back to school! I hate the stuck-up kids—they give me a pain in the neck!"

"You've been kept from school. Come on—don't be afraid to tell the truth."

"Say, do you think I'd tell a lie to a cop?"

"You keep your shirt on and answer that guy as if he was a gentleman," Min counselled.

"Yes, Min."

"A young girl like you needs schooling," Groot suggested, "a nicer environment—discipline. You can't get that here."

"I do, too. Min's terrible strict with me. If I don't walk the chalk-line, she whales hell out of me. That's discipline, ain't it?"

"It certainly is. There's another complaint in the report—that you've been made a party to the selling of liquor."

"You mean booze?" Nancy asked. "Why, this bootleg stuff is so terrible—do you think we'd give that to the gang? I should say not! Not even to Bill."

"But you see it here often, don't you?"

"Sometimes—when one of the boys brings in a flask." She paused. Groot grinned like the cat who has caught the canary, and then Nancy went on, "But Min breaks it over his head—that's how sore it makes her."

"I don't see why you guys want to make any trouble here," Min said. "I think as much of her as if she was my own kid."

The second man stepped forward and introduced himself as a Mr. Southard.

"Perhaps you remember me. I'm the superintendent of Nancy's school," he said. "We were very much interested in her while she was attending school. She was so apt, so clever, and we thought perhaps that, now that she is to start school again, you would let her come to our house. Mrs. Southard would be very kind to her—she could help a little with the housework—and it would be a nice quiet environment for her to study in."

"I don't want to go," Nancy wailed.

"You be quiet," Min ordered. "Look here, Mr. Superintendent, you or nobody else can get Nancy away from me. You can force me to send her to school—you and old Horseface Groot—but she don't budge five feet away from my joint—get me?" Mr. Southard, a bit crestfallen to see how badly his offer had been taken, left the room, followed by the police officer and the other men. "Gee—that was a tight squeak!" Min said as they left.

"Wasn't that a swell lie I told?" Nancy asked.

"Darn right it was!" Min said proudly. "I couldn't have done better myself."

Nancy flung her arms about her foster-mother and hugged her tenderly.

"Aw, gee, Min," she said, "if they'd taken me from you, I would have died."

Min wanted to acknowledge this bit of affection, but she was too self-conscious to do so and merely said gruffly:

"Aw, rats, can the bull! Go on about your business!"

Nancy, in high spirits, went out of the room, calling back:

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story "Dark Star," by Lorna Moon. Frances Marion and Marion Jackson wrote the scenario and George Hill directed, with Marie Dressler appearing as Min, Wallace Beery as Bill, Dorothy Jordan as Nancy, Marjorie Rambeau as Bella, Donald Dillaway as Dick, DeWitt Jennings as Groot, Russell Hopton as Alec, Frank McGlynn as Mr. Southard and Greta Gould as Mrs. Southard.

"I know it's hard now, Nancy, but we'll try to make you happy."

"You can't fool me, Min, so don't try to again. See?

She knew, despite all lack of evidence in that direction, that Min loved her dearly and that her gruffness was but a pose.

Still glowing with her triumph over the police and truant officers, she went into the bar-room, where a squawky mechanical piano was thumping out a jazz tune. A few couples were dancing, sailors and their girl friends. Nancy was so happy that she, too, wanted to dance. A tall, good-looking fisherman called Alec, a young fellow with a bad reputation, leaned against one wall, looking at the dancers. Nancy went up to him.

"Come on, Alec, let's step on it," she said gaily.

"You bet your life!"

They swung out onto the dance floor. Min, standing behind the bar, watched them as they danced. Although to innocent Nancy the look in Alec's eyes meant nothing, Min recognized its sinister attempt.

"Don't hold me so awful tight," Nancy protested.

"That's the best part of dancin'," Alec exclaimed, holding her still closer.

Min, watching the couples, was struck by the contrast between the hard, evil faces of the other girls and Nancy's fresh beauty. A realization of what would happen to Nancy came over her. She could remember these other girls when they, too, were young and beautiful. She winced at the thought of Nancy's growing hard and old in the cheap service of the waterfront. Troubled, she walked away and stood in the hallway, looking out of a window at the harbor lights and the smooth water. Suddenly she saw Alec with Nancy in his arms walk out onto the pier. Bill came up and stood behind her, remarking:

"If there ain't Alec—with a gal in his arms!"

"Nancy?"

"Looks like it."

"Let me bellow at 'em," Min said and opened her mouth preparatory to yelling but changed her mind and ran out, closely followed by Bill.

ON the pier, in an abandoned boat, Nancy and Alec were talking.

"Gee, it's swell out here—nice an' cool! I love this old boat. When I was a kid, I used to sit here all alone and imagine I was goin' places."

"You'll be goin' places before long—and you won't be alone."

"Who's goin' to take me—you?" Nancy said, half kiddingly, catching his meaning.

"You said it. We'll sneak away—me and you. We'll go to Frisco."

"Yeah? What a fat chance I got to get away!"

"You're a lot prettier out here," said Alec, coming closer to her.

"That's because it's dark. Let me go, Alec! You smell of sardines! Go on—let me go!"

Neither of them saw Bill and Min coming up behind them.

"You don't have to work any more if you come with me. I know a way to make a lot of money," Alec was saying when Min bellowed:

"Nancy! You come with me!"

"What did I do?" the girl asked.

"Shut up and go into the house. Salt him down, Bill," Min said as she pushed Nancy toward the shore.

"I wasn't doin' nothin' to her," Alec protested as Bill came menacingly toward him.

But, before he could protect himself, Bill had smashed a blow to his chin that sent him reeling back into the water.

IN the living-room, Min was talking to Nancy.

"I seen you carryin' on with Alec."

"I didn't do nothin', Min. I wash dishes and cook and scrub all day long. Well, I ain't crabbin' about that—but, gee, a girl's got to have some fun."

"You call that fun?"

"He didn't mean nothin' by it."

On the boat coming home for the summer holidays, sitting beside Dick, Nancy saw her mother for the first time but did not know her. "What a disgusting woman!" she said.

"That's what you think." Her eyes scanned the girl's face.

"I don't see why it ain't right to dance and flirt and have fun like the rest of the girls that come here. You don't try to stop 'em—you're always tellin' 'em to go on and have a good time in your joint, but me——" She began sobbing and through her tears continued, "You ain't goin' to have the say over me much longer. I'll soon be old enough to paint my face and wear high heels and drink with the gang if I want to. And then I'll show you!"

"Yeah, you'll be showin' me. I guess maybe the teacher and old Horseface was right—this ain't no place for a kid like you."

She walked over, took down an old battered suitcase and began throwing Nancy's odds and ends of clothing into it.

"You ain't going' to send me away, are you, Min?" the girl asked in amazement.

"Yeah—you're goin' to live at the school teacher's."

"Oh, you can't do that to me. I don't want to leave you. Honest, Min, I didn't mean to make you sore."

"Keep your mouth shut and get your duds together."

"Please, Min, I'll be a good kid. Oh, don't send me away from all the gang—and you, Min—don't send me away!"

"Now you stop that racket and listen to me. I'm sendin' you away because I ain't goin' to let you get me in trouble. You understand? It's not for you—but for me. D'you see? Now you stop your caterwaulin'. We ain't got no time to lose."

A few moments later they were at the Southards' house. Min was showing a photograph to Mrs. Southard and explaining:

"Yeah, that's her mother. Oh, you needn't think Nancy's a common kid—she ain't. Her old man was a doctor—somewheres in the Middle West. When he died, her ma drifted out here with her baby. She was dyin' when she wandered into my place." She paused. "Well, that's all that I can tell you about 'em. She ain't legally mine—so there won't be no papers to sign or nothin'."

"But I *am* yours," Nancy wailed in protest, "just like your own kid. You can't send me away from you!"

Mrs. Southard put in gently, soothingly:

"I know it seems hard now, Nancy, but we'll try to make you happy."

Min looked around the room admiringly, stumped to find a proper exit line, and finally said:

"This is a swell joint. If you can't be happy here, you're dumber than I thought you was. Guess that's all I got to say."

A few moments later the door slammed behind her.

NOT many days after this, Nancy's real mother, an old, broken-down courtesan, Bella Pringle, sought refuge at Min's place of business. Immediately Min got together her savings and had the Southards send Nancy away to a boarding school in the South. She did not want her ever to meet her real mother. Nor did she want Bella to know that her daughter was still alive.

After Nancy was safely away, Min caught Bella making sheep's eyes at her lover, Bill, and cast her forth unceremoniously.

AWAY at school, Nancy met Dick Cameron, the young son of the cannery proprietor, and they fell in love. On the boat, coming back for summer holidays, sitting with Dick at her side, Nancy saw her real mother for the first time but did not know her. She was shocked to see Bella, drunk, hauled out of a man's cabin by a steward.

"What a disgusting woman!" she remarked to Dick.

IT was steamer day. Old Min left Bill in charge of the dive and went down to the docks to watch Nancy come home from school. Holding Dick's arm, starry-eyed and radiant, the girl came down the gangplank, waving to Mrs. Southard and calling out:

"Oh, Mrs. Southard, here I am." Mr. and Mrs. Southard fought their way through the crowd to her side. Nancy flung her arms around Mrs. Southard's neck and began to kiss her. "Oh, I'm so happy, so excited! Hello, Mr. Southard! There! I've kissed you! Fussed? You remember Dick Cameron, of course?"

"Yes, indeed, we do."

Mrs. Southard and Dick shook hands.

"I'm expecting my mother," Dick said to Nancy. "She'll be crazy to meet you."

"Now remember, Dick, she isn't going to see me through your eyes," Nancy warned.

A sedan snaked its way through the crowd, just missing old Min.

"Why don't you look where you're going with that hearse?" she yelled out. Then, as she saw that Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were the occupants of the car, she ducked hastily out of sight and watched Nancy from behind a pile of herring barrels.

"Dad, this is Nancy," Dick said by way of introduction.

"How do you do, Nancy? Of course, Dick has written reams about you and I can see that he hasn't exaggerated," old Cameron said in kindly fashion.

"Do have tea with us this afternoon," Mrs. Cameron put in.

"How nice of you!" Nancy returned happily.

"She'll be there. I'll guarantee it," Dick declared.

MIN watched all these social pleasantries with a contented smile. Nancy was getting on in the world, and she was overjoyed. She turned to leave the dock and, at the end of the row of herring barrels, bumped into Bella Pringle, who had just gotten off the boat, more slatternly and besotted than ever. She stopped short, aghast. Bella, too, was frightened. She remembered that terrible scene when Min had interrupted her coarse amours with Bill.

"Help me! She'll kill me!" she yelled out.

Min hastened to reassure her:

"I ain't goin' to hurt you. I'm sorry for what I done. Old friends shouldn't quarrel."

"That's right—shouldn't quarrel."

"Come up to the house with me. What you need is some breakfast—and a good hot toddy," Min suggested hospitably.

At the boarding house, she sat Bella down at a table and ordered a breakfast for her. When she had finished eating, the woman bellowed:

"Where's some more coffee? I ain't no common flossy and I'm used to service."

"My friend's just passin' through town—we got to give her a good sendoff," Min explained to her customers.

"Not like the sendoff you gave me a couple o' years ago. Say, where is that big bozo?" Bella inquired.

Bill passed by the door at that moment, caught sight of Bella and ducked hastily. He, too, remembered the sounding whacks he had had on the ear from Min at the time of their last meeting.

"Come on back here," Bella called to him. "We're all pals again."

"Yeah—the past's all washed up," Min added.

"One thing I want you to get under your hat," Bill said as he sat down. "I don't know you—see? We're not speakin' to each other—get me?"

"Listen, you big hippo, as far as I'm concerned, you just ain't!" Bella said as she settled back and noisily sipped her coffee.

"Oh, Min, who do you think I seen at the docks?"

"Gasbag!" Min warned him.

"I didn't see no gasbag!" Bill answered. "It was the kid I saw, and so clean you'd never know her. 'Say hello to Min,' she says, 'and give her my love!'" Min trod heavily on his foot under the table. He grimaced with pain and she began to laugh. "What's the joke, you laughin' hyena?" he asked.

Bella began to laugh, a look of cunning dispelling the dull torpor of her sodden countenance. She had heard enough to arouse suspicion.

THE next morning, while Bella was fussing with her hair on the front porch of Min's house, she asked:

"Where's that hair tonic?"

"You drank it," Min answered.

"So I did. Come here a minute," she said. "The back of my hair needs a little fixin'."

Just then Nancy and Dick drove up in his roadster.

"You need some hair tonic," Min said nervously. "In the barber shop—I'll get it," she concluded, running off in order that Bella might not see her meeting with Nancy.

"Bring me Seven Flowers tonic. It tastes swell," Bella called out to her without turning her head.

"Oh, Min, at last!" Nancy exclaimed, flinging her arms about her.

"Come in here," the old woman said abruptly, motioning her inside the house. "What are you here for?"

"But, Min, didn't you get my letter?"

"Yeah—what of it?"

"It must be something I've done. Please be frank with me, Min. Tell me. I care so much for you—I coudn't bear to think that I had hurt you."

"When you're through all this sentimental slop, I'll get up and go back to work. I got plenty to do without sittin' around listenin' to this mush."

"But, Min!" Nancy was aghast at such utter lack of feeling. "Don't you care for me—at all?"

Min answered coldly:

"I thought well enough of you when you was workin' for your room and board. But you ain't nothin' to me now. And, if you've got any sense, you'll keep away from here."

Nancy's eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered. She started to speak but couldn't.

Min forced a look of hard indifference to her face as if she despised the girl who stood before her.

"Very well, Min, I'll go. I guess—I misunderstood."

AT that moment, Bella shambled into the room. The episode of the night before was still so fresh in Nancy's mind that she drew back from her.

"Oh, the snooty girl," Bella greeted her, "with your nose in the air! Maybe it'll be comin' down some day. And the boy friend!" she added, catching sight of Dick through the door. "Stick around and introduce him to us. Come on, dearie, let's make it a foursome."

With a look of utter despair, Nancy turned quickly and went out. Min kicked the door shut after her.

"Nancy, darling, it's all over—you'll never go there again," Dick said as he climbed into the car.

"She doesn't want me, Dick—you were right."

Min fired twice. Bella staggered forward, then fell to the floor, dead.

"And that other creature—forget all about it, sweetheart. I love you. It's the past—it's buried today—and we'll never speak of it again."

"Oh, Dick, I love you," Nancy said.

"Then you'll marry me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

IT was the day set for the wedding of Nancy and Dick Cameron. The entire town was excited. He was the wealthiest young man and she the prettiest girl. In Min's dingy back parlor, she and Bella sat together, telling their fortunes by means of cards.

"Now cut 'em three times, Bella." Bella did so. On the top of the pack was an ace of spades. "Death," Min exclaimed. She cut again. "The King of diamonds. You're gonna meet a rich old guy."

Bella chuckled quietly to herself and raised her glass to her lips.

"Go on, Min," she said. "You're a kick in the eye."

They were watching each other covertly, although no word passed between them. Min knew that Bella suspected, and Bella knew that Min was aware of this. Now, on this day, if Bella was to kick up a rumpus, Nancy's entire life would be ruined.

Min picked up the cards and pretended to be studying them, but out of the tail of her eye she was watching Bella move about in the adjoining bedroom.

"Come back here, Bella," she said glancing down at the cards in her hand. "It looks to me as though you were going to be wearin' diamonds."

"Yeah? I wouldn't be at all surprised. Where's your curlin' iron?"

"What for, Bella?" Min asked, trying not to show her curiosity but in reality deeply worried.

"What do you 'spose I want it for—to pick my teeth? No, I'm goin' to frizz my hair."

Min's face lighted up.

"Then you're goin' to catch the afternoon boat?" she asked.

"I dunno—maybe."

Min shuffled the cards again.

"Let's see," she said, examining them. "Ah, here you are, ridin' in a big car——"

"A hearse," Bella interjected kiddingly.

"No—a swell car—yours. When you land that fat guy, Bella, you'll be sittin' pretty." Bella sneered, but Min went on talking. "Frisco's the place for you. I know hangouts along the waterfront where those big guys come in from the Orient, bringin' their wads with 'em." She looked up to see if Bella was interested and then went on, "You can make plenty of dough down there."

"It's a great line-up," Bella said firmly, "but I ain't movin' outa here."

There was a wealth of sarcasm in her voice. It grated on Min's apprehensive nerves. She leaned forward eagerly.

"You ain't?"

"No," Bella mocked, "I ain't. I got so I like the place—think I'll stick around awhile and pick up some odd change."

"You're crazy, Bella, crazy," Min replied, her voice growing desperate as she spoke. "It's all here in the cards. Don't go against your fate. If you do, you'll be sorry for it."

Bella smiled cruelly. She was enjoying the other woman's agony.

"That so?" she asked dryly. From afar they could hear bells tolling and the sound of whistles blowing in the harbor. Without looking at Min, she remarked meaningly, "I guess that's the whistles on the yacht."

"It's a fishin' boat," Min replied, shuffling the cards with a nervous hand.

"No, it ain't, Min. I was on the porch when it came in this morning. Alec pointed it out to me. It belongs to the Camerons." Min's hands clutched the cards in so tight a grasp that the blue veins stood out like cords on the backs of her old hands. Slowly, her voice matching the leer on her lips, Bella went on speaking. "The Cameron kid is gettin' married this mornin' to a girl named Smith. Ever hear of her, Min?"

"Sure, I've heard of a million Smiths."

"They say she used to hang around the waterfront," Bella said.

"I never seen her—never heard of her."

Suddenly Bella wheeled to confront her.

"It's a lie and you know it! That's my kid!"

Stunned, maddened, yet trying desperately to control herself, Min answered:

"What's the matter with you, Bella Pringle—crazy?"

"You can't fool me any longer, you dirty, lyin' rat," Bella snarled at her. "I don't know what your game is—but you've made a sucker out of me long enough. You've kicked me out of your lousy joint—but now I'm goin' to get back at you for everything you've done to me."

Pretending not to understand and still trying to keep a grip on herself, Min questioned:

"What do you mean?"

With fierce mockery, the other woman replied:

"What do I mean? I'll nail you on the cross—you and that dirty, stuck-up, little brat."

Rising so quickly that the table fell down as she got up, Min began:

"Bella—"

"I'll fix you," the other threatened.

"You don't know what you're sayin'," Min interrupted, not daring to antagonize Bella.

"Oh, I don't, don't I?" Her face convulsed with hatred as she mimicked Min's voice. "Diamonds all around you, Bella—at the end of a long, long journey! Damn right there'll be diamonds all around me! She's gonna give 'em to me, or I'll know the reason why! Filthy little snob, turning up her nose at me as if I wasn't good enough!"

Min, aghast at the depth of Bella's hatred for her daughter, pleaded for the girl's happiness.

"Look here, Bella, don't do nothin' to hurt the kid! For God's sake, let her alone."

The other sneered in answer:

"Let her alone! What a fat chance!"

"But she's a swell kid, Bella, and it's the first real break she's ever had in her life!"

"I'll break her! I'll make her pay for hidin' out on me!"

"It wasn't the kid's fault," Min argued. "She never even knew she had a mother."

"I suppose you told her the stork brought her."

"I told her you was dead, Bella."

"Whoops-a-daisy! Me dead? I was never more alive in my life."

"I didn't think you'd ever show up, so I told her she had a swell, high-class mother—and she believed it—they all believe it."

"That's where you're outa luck, you filthy old liar, and I'm gonna show you up, both of you!"

Min stood paralyzed with fear. She could almost see Nancy's expression of terror as this old hag pounced upon her with the dread news that she was her mother.

(*Continued on page* 25)

Dough Boys

By JEAN PENNINGTON

(Elmer Stuyvesant, 2nd, had been persistent in his efforts to win the friendship of Mary Murphy, one of the employes of Bloomberger's Emporium of Parisienne Fashions. But Mary had her suspicions of men who rode around in Rolls-Royces and told him so. One day Elmer's chauffeur left him without notice and he was forced to apply to the agency for another to fill his place. But the usual employment agency had been transformed into an enlisting station and, without giving Elmer a chance to clearly explain the object of his visit, he was hustled into a soldier's uniform and shipped off to training camp. At the same camp he found Mary who had joined an entertainment unit. The girl now smiled at him. Had he not proved the man that lay behind the polished exterior by being one of the first to answer his country's call? But Sergeant Brophy, Elmer's pet aversion, also had an eye for the attractive little entertainer. Bumping into each other as they were stealing away from camp one evening A. W. O. L., they discovered a common bond—they were both going to spend the last few hours before sailing with the girl of their heart. Brophy expressed in no uncertain terms his opinion of a man who would try to "cut in" on a soldier's girl and what he would do if anyone played a trick like that on him. Neither knowing the other's destination, they trudged along together.)

BY this time, they had come to a little suburban cottage and Elmer stopped and turned into the gate, saying casually:

"So long, Sarge! This is as far as I go."

Brophy looked at him, surprised and suspicious.

"I'm getting off here, too. Say, you mean this is your girl's home?"

"Why—er—yes——"

"Why, you little rat—I'll——"

As he seized hold of Elmer's neck, the cottage door opened and a flood of light came out, illuminating them.

It was Mary who had opened the door.

"Please! What's all this noise about?"

"This shrimp says you're his girl. How about it?" Brophy asked.

Mary thought quickly and realized Elmer's danger.

"Why—how silly," she said. "I never saw him before in my life."

Elmer took this with a gasp. Brophy turned on him.

"I thought you were lying! Get out of here and back to camp—or I'll turn you over to the guard."

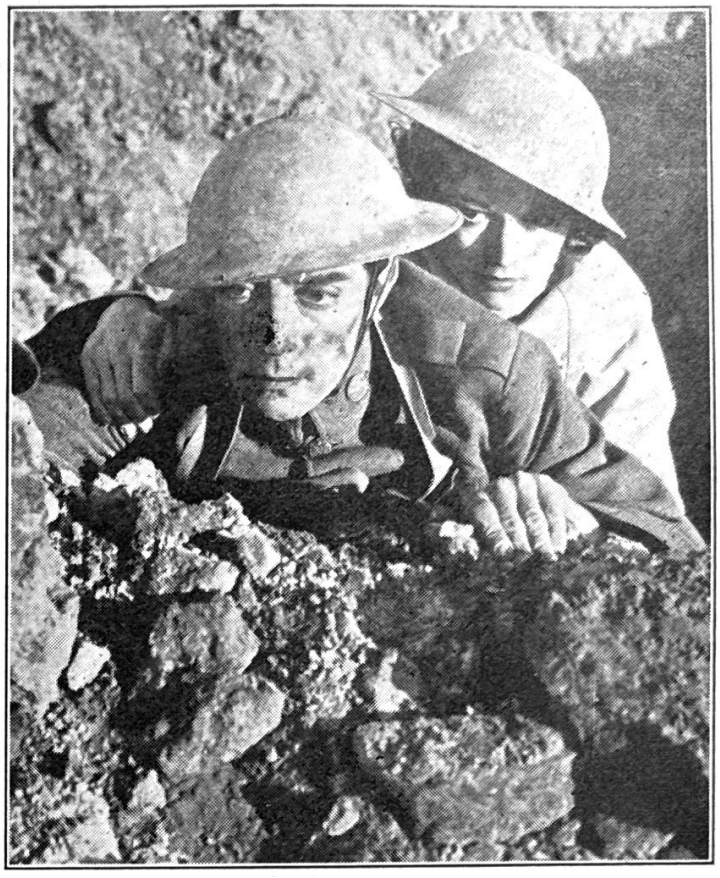
He gave Elmer a shove out the gate and then turned and swaggered into the house.

Mary, with a desperate look toward the disappointed Elmer, turned and hurried after Brophy.

"Just a minute, please," she said. For a full five minutes she told Brophy where to get off at and concluded, "Furthermore, if you ever try to force your attentions on me again, I'll go to the Commanding Officer. I hope that's clear."

"Okay, sister. Have it your way—but you're overlooking a good bet."

MARY was soon ordered overseas. On the same transport, she spied Elmer and tried to explain, but he would not listen. They met again in the same ruined French village one evening when Elmer was



Out across the fields they dashed—right into an enemy machine-gun hole.

on guard. There was no getting away now and he had to listen.

"And Brophy was furious because I chased him out of the house," she concluded her story.

"And you did it for my sake?" A happy smile spread over Elmer's face. "Oh, you're wonderful!"

"Then we're friends again?" she asked shyly.

"Friends?" he repeated yearningly. "Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough," she smiled, "at least until the War is over?"

"Mary, you remember that kiss you gave me back in camp in America?" he asked.

"Oh, that!" she laughed. "That was for being so brave and joining the army and everything."

"I'm still brave," he reminded her. "Look. I'm guarding your billet, protecting you from German spies and airplanes and everything."

"Oh, well, here's another." With a smile, she suited the action to the word.

BUT soon again the shadow of misunderstanding darkened the love life of Elmer Stuyvesant, 2nd. One night his buddies threw him out of his billet for disturbing their slumbers. He strolled down the street and paused in a doorway to consider what to do next. As the problem became more complicated, he leaned against the door and it opened. Half in a dream, he entered the house and, finding an empty bed in the dark, crawled in and went to sleep.

But, alas, for Elmer, there was another bed in that same room and it was occupied by the young daughter of the house. The next morning an irate French father discovered the American soldier in his daughter's room and gesticulating wildly hauled him off to face the author-

(*Continued on page 26*)

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by Al Boasberg and Richard Schayer. Mr. Schayer wrote the scenario and Edward Sedgwick directed, with Buster Keaton appearing as Elmer, Sally Eilers as Mary, Cliff as Nescopeck, Edward Brophy as Sergeant Brophy, Victotel as Svendenburg, Arnold Korff as Gustave, Frank Mayo Scott, Pitzy Katz as Abie Cohn and William Steele Lieutenant Randolph.

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN
(Reviewed)

Do You See Enough Pictures?

IT seems to me, from a number of the scripts I receive, that a few words on this subject may not come amiss. So many of these scripts are apparently the result of much studious historical research and laborious reading, but contain so little that is likely to be used in film plays of the day. Why not study the plays themselves a little more? I believe that many of the rejection slips that you send with your scripts are due as much to the fact that the play was not suitable for production by the company to which you sent it as to any trouble with the story itself.

Every aspiring film playwright should really be familiar with the type of play preferred by every company and with the type of character which each star prefers to portray. He or she should know when film styles are changing and when a star is taking to a new type of rôle.

Studying in your library for a way to "better the films", as several correspondents have written is their idea of making a name for themselves in filmdom, isn't likely to get you anywhere. You need more practical knowledge of the plays being shown.

If you would make it your business to study the feature films as thoroughly as you study the historical periods upon which you base your scripts, you would get a good working knowledge of just what constitutes enough dramatic material to hold the interest of the average audience for an hour or more.

Sometimes it is worth while in studying a film play to count each separate episode in order to realize just how many are needed to focus attention for that period of time. Then, when you go home, try to visualize the play you have just looked at, scene by scene.

Have you noted the high spots? Do you know just where they were placed in the film and why? Did you notice how the film playwright worked up to the climax? Some of you do not make a point of noting this, I am sure, or you would not come to your own plot climax quite so early in your script and then find that your play is flivvering out.

The more study you give to successful film plays, the more likely you are to write a successful play yourself.

And, at this point, another thought occurs to me. I have often advised that you write about what interests you, saying that what interests you is likely to interest your fellow playgoer. Now, in view of some of the very studious scripts and the obviously propaganda plots that I receive, I want to revise this advice a little.

It still goes for you, if you are an average person, "the man in the street," as they say, but, if you are exceptional, if you are the only student of history in your neighborhood or the only advocate of a certain reform, realize that you are an exception and don't write what is pleasing to you but what will interest and please the other fellow. You see, all kinds of businesses are run to meet the general demand and the film business is no exception.

And now I am going to quote a few words from my initial article, written over two years ago, to show you, especially my new readers, what I consider the best theme for a novice playwright to cut his teeth on, if I may be permitted that expression:

"Your plot should, if possible, be based on some universal theme, such as love, hate, marriage, fear of poverty, sudden riches, or any other with similar general appeal, so that different classes of people, socially and industrially, may, no matter what the given setting, translate the story into their own lives and social status. A play based on action that could happen only in one station in life or in one industry is much harder to get across and needs the subtler handling of the professional."

I think that'll be all for today.

$1250 FOR ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY STORY

Our sales department sold an unknown author's first story for the above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of the motion picture industry, we know production requirements. Established 1917. Free booklet.

Universal Scenario Company
211 Meyer Building, Western and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Cal.

Can the changing of a man's face bring about a transformation in his entire character? Dakin Barrolles started life as a crook, then came the War. He went through Hell's fire and returned to England. Don't miss "Scotland Yard" with Edmund Lowe, which will appear in the next issue. Other feature stories will be "Billy the Kid", starring William Haines, and "Her Man", starring Helen Twelvetrees.

Extravagance

(*Continued from page* 9)

"Extry! Extry! James Hamilton shoots wife and kills self! Extry! Extry. All about the latest murder and suicide!"

Fred's arms tightened about his wife's trembling body.

"Never mind, darling," he whispered. "We'll pretend we've just been married and start all over again. Okay, sweetheart?"

The girl's sobs quieted a bit as she nodded her head and pressed her face closer to her husband's shoulder.

Girl of the Golden West

(*Continued from page* 5)

the direction of the newcomer. "Say, Girl, what do you know about him—anything?"

"Oh, he's all right," she returned. The man cast a searching look at the stranger, then hurried into the next room to clean up. Left alone with The Girl, Mr. Johnson of Sacramento leaned over the bar.

"You're worth something better than this," he said feelingly, gazing into the sweet face under its halo of spun-gold hair.

She laughed up at him.

"What's better than this? I'm not boastin' but, if keepin' this saloon don't give me a sort of position around here, I'd like to know what does." Then a sudden thought struck her. "Say, you're not one of those exhorters from the mission camp!"

(*Continued on page* 22)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All,
Hears All,
Knows All,
And, If She Doesn't,
She'll Find Out

Margaret M.: Dolores Del Rio had but one marriage to her credit until this summer when she became the bride of Cedric Gibbons, well-known art director. Her first husband was a wealthy young Mexican, Don Jaime Del Rio, who died in a Berlin hospital a year after the divorce. Dolores is about twenty-five years old.

Mary May, Baltimore: Olive Borden is a Southern girl, but not from your home town. She hails from Virginia. Olive is unmarried, although once reported engaged to George O'Brien and now reported to be considering matrimony with a wealthy Pittsburgh swain.

F. J. L.: Basil Rathbone is married. Mrs. Rathbone is Ouida Bergere who was once the wife of George Fitzmaurice, the present husband of Diana Kane, sister of Lois Wilson. Is this clear? Ouida Bergere has written many scenarios for the screen. Rathbone also writes, having collaborated on "Judas", a play in which he starred on the New York stage. Yes, he is one of the most pleasantly sophisticated actors Hollywood has recruited from Broadway. He is an Englishman, by the way.

Inquirer: Raquel Torres was born Osterman, but her mother is said to be Spanish. She was educated in Los Angeles schools.

W. R. of Detroit: Yes, George Bancroft is just as husky in real life as he appears on the screen. His new picture, a newspaper story, will have Clive Brook and Kay Francis in the cast. Just write to Paramount Publicity Department, Paramount Theatre Building, Times Square, New York, and ask for his picture. I do not know whether there are any charges. They'll tell you that.

Did Catherine Moylan really "go domestic" and bake this pie or is it just "one of those things"? We'd like to have a Thanksgiving dinner composed of the heavenly dishes the picture folks pose with in their dainty kitchens.

Robert L. of St. Louis, Mo.: On the whole, I think you will find that you have chosen wisely in taking up aviation instead of trying to crash the talkie gates. So far, I do not think the air ranks are overcrowded as are those of the older industry. If you were my brother, I might object on the score that it is dangerous work but I guess that wouldn't get me anywhere. And, come to think of it, most of our picture stars have to face the same dangers anyway in taking some of the scenes. Here's hoping you win the autogyro record for altitude some day. I wonder what you'll find up there!

"Chums" of Milwaukee: Douglas Gilbert is under contract to Fox Films. This tall, handsome young actor was born in Boston. He is a graduate of Notre Dame. His first stage appearance was with the late Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'". He soon became one of the favorite leading men of The Great White Way, supporting such stars as Elsie Ferguson, Helen Hayes and Doris Keane. He was first attracted to pictures in 1925 and in no time at all became a favorite of screendom. He has appeared in "The One Woman Idea", "Pleasure Crazed" and "Married in Hollywood". He is an all-round athlete and at one time held the amateur short distance swimming championship. Honestly, that's all I can dig up to date. No, I don't know whether he is married. But, if he isn't, he'll be grabbed up, I'll bet.

Ruth H. of Atlanta, Ga.: Too late, Ruth! Another Ruth beat you to it. Ralph Forbes, the handsome leading man who, you say, has "won your heart," is Ruth Chatterton's husband.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O'Mine:

Another one of our glorious band has joined the little group of pals that will be waiting for us "when the mists have rolled away". A letter from Jeanine of Lilac Time announces the passing away of Ronnie Boy, one of the first to join our Helping Hearts Club. Ronnie had been ill for a long time before the end came and the letters from Jeanine and Lonesome Nellie were among those that brightened the days of this brave lad. When he became too ill to write, his buddy, Mac, kept his pen pals informed of his condition. Now, to quote from Jeanine's note:

"His friend, overcome with grief, has apparently given up corresponding."

To Mac and to Ronnie Boy's family, the pals extend their deep-felt sympathy.

Ronnie's passing occurred last winter but Jeanine's letter was my first word of it. We thank you, Jeanine, and you, Nellie, for your sweet care of this pal and, with the stab of pain that we feel as we take Ronnie's card from our file, comes a soft glow of happiness that this little idea of ours that has grown into the Helping Hearts Club has drawn together a vast band of adorable pals whose interest in one another lasts until the final curtain falls—and after. Bless you, one and all!

To the pals who have written in saying they are too far away to get the stations over which I have been broadcasting, I want to announce that the company giving the plays on the Chock full o' Nuts Hour over WOR, Monday evenings at 8.30, is the one with which your Big Chief is playing. If you will tune in on this hour, you will be likely to hear her. Of course, if the play calls for a blonde lady with a dimple in her chin, some one else may be cast for the rôle. At that, perhaps Roger Bower, the announcer, and Harold Davis Emerson, the director, may put their honorable domes together and say:

"Well, Rosemary, if you'll procure a wig of exactly the right shade and attend to the dimple, we may cast you for that part."

Would your Big Chief chisel a dimple and even visit the drug store under her esteemed office? I'll say she would! Come to think of it, that might not be a bad idea right now. What say you, Editor? Yes, I guess you're right. They'd probably want a red-head next week. Better let nature take its course and re-touch not a lock of the struggling-to-be-red hair of your Rosemary Lee.

Dear Rosemary:

I hope you received my other letter and picture. Today I am kind of blue as there is a real old-fashioned circus. The parade is just starting. I can hear the music now. I can also see it as you know I live on a hill here and I have a very good view of the tents.

Dear Rosemary, I do hope you'll have my letter printed as I want to have just lots and lots of new pen pals and friends. You know, dear Rosemary, after I receive a letter from anyone he or she is not only my pen pal but my friend, also. (You should hear the music!)

Now I'll tell you again what I look like and what I do. I am a girl fourteen and one-half years old, have dark blue eyes and am five feet eight inches tall. I play the violin, sing, dance (when I am up), draw, write and, oh, I do ever so many things.

Dear Rosemary, I have a few pets myself. I have one dog, one polly, two birds and about thirty or more pigeons, also two rabbits. Now, Rosemary, please, please get me lots of pen pals.

You see, dear pen pals, I am in bed, have been for the last nine months. I am very much better and I am able to sit up in bed now. Rosemary, isn't that great???

Well, I have said enough this time so will say goodby.

Elf of California.

P. S.—I hope your wonderful club lasts forever.

Here, pals, is a whole sermon in itself. Would that I had the eloquence of a—a—well, any old body's eloquence to preach it! Dear little Elf says:

"You see, dear pals, I am in bed. Have been for the last nine months. I am very much better and I am able to sit up in bed now. Rosemary, isn't that great?"

How many in the world would have put it that way? Most of us would have said:

"Isn't it terrible? I've been confined to my bed for nine months."

But this sweet child forgets the pain and the suffering, those long, dreary days and night, and sees only the bright side that she is now able to sit up. If such a brave soul does not deserve to "come smilin' thru", then tell me who does. You may say:

"It's the courage of youth."

Then I say:

"God bless that youth, that courage and that spirit! Dear little Elf, the hill you live on is not only a hill of ground and trees and flowers but the hill of the soul and you have a view not only of the circus tents but of life as a whole from those clear blue eyes of yours."

Dear Miss Lee:

While I was reading the magazine today for the first time, I noticed your department and I was so interested that I could not stop reading until the end. I have always wanted to join a club like yours but, until now, I had never found one that made me hurry and write like this. You have found so many friends for all of the other readers and I wonder if you will try to do the same for me.

You will want a description to help you, I suppose, and here it is: I am a young miss, twenty-one years of age, five feet five inches tall, weigh 118 pounds, have very dark brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion. I spend my days working as a model in a smart frock shoppe. I am very fond of all sports, especially riding and dancing. Reading is my favorite pastime.

I do hope that I sound just a wee bit interesting enough for some people, young or old, of either sex, to write to me.

Just a Wee Bit Lonesome.

Sure, Just a Wee Bit Lonesome, you sound "just a wee bit interesting enough" to have some one—many some ones—write to you. I think modeling is a splendid training for a girl. It teaches her to be careful of her personal appearance at

any and all times. And how many of us, in the rush of business, are prone to be a wee bit careless! Ssh! I rushed out in such a hurry this morning that—well, I'm glad I didn't run into any one of my pals on the train. Shame on you, Rosemary Lee!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I was on my vacation last week and one night it rained, so I decided to stay in and read. But what? Then M. P. S. caught my eye and I bought it. Glancing through it, I noticed Helping Hearts Club and, after reading the interesting letters, I decided to become a member. May I?

I am nineteen years old, five feet, eight inches tall, blue eyes, and dark wavy hair.

I would enjoy very much receiving letters from any pen pals, and guarantee to answer all of them, also to exchange photos when we get better acquainted through our letters. I am particularly interested in Ike of Ohio and Lone Eagle, but will write to any of the others, also.

Hoping your club is a great success,

Sincerely yours,
Billie of Penna.

"What Chester Makes, Makes Chester," eh, Billie? See my weakness? When I've been in your own home town, I love to tell you about it. Then you'll say:

"Zounds, that Rosemary Lee's a traveled person! She's been to Pennsylvania and everything!"

But, seriously, it brings me closer to you when I can picture you walking down the street or going into one of your little shops. And there's a place in your town, right near the station, where one may get the most delicious dinners, Southern atmosphere and all. Know where I mean? I do like the slogan of your town. Even when I've been just passing through, I've always managed to wake up in time—trains generally put me to sleep—to see those words shining out in the darkness. They have such a world of meaning, for, truly, whatever we do, no matter how trivial and unimportant it may seem at the time, makes us, our characters and molds our future lives. Let's not forget that, pals. Truly, "What Chester Makes, Makes Chester."

(Bright thought, Billy! I guess I'll send your Board of Trade a bill for publicity. But I've discovered something lately. It's one thing to send bills and it's another thing to collect them. But why worry? Which reminds me—I was having dinner the other evening with our Anne Maxwell. The waitress was complaining about the number of chronic kickers she had served that day. Said Anne—who is as big as an unborn robin with a brain that would crowd the head of an elephant:

"Why kick? If there's anything wrong, there'll be another dinner tomorrow when the same thing can't be wrong and, if it's your last dinner, why worry?"

To me that's a classic. But, then, Anne's always giving voice to such classics. If I were wealthy, I'd purchase the rights to them. Then everyone would say:

"Lights of Broadway, but that Rosemary Lee's brilliant!"

But, alas, ninety-five years ago come next Candlemas, I gave up trying to be brilliant. But why worry?

My dear Miss Lee:

I have spent the last hour reading the letters from the pen pals for the first time and I think they are grand. Have you room for any more?

I like to receive letters, especially ones that are as interesting as Wally writes, and I like to answer equally as well.

There isn't much to tell you about myself but I'll tell you what there is to tell. I am twenty-two years old, blonde hair, hazel eyes and am five feet five, and have 125 pounds to go with it. I am county officer and live at home. I lead a very simple and quiet life. I do not date very much with the home town fellows because I am not interested in their idea of a date. (Remember I'm living in a small town). I enjoy dancing parties very much but am getting past the stage where I want to run to the dance halls anywhere or anytime.

Anybody wishing to know about our beautiful State of Wisconsin I'll be glad to tell you all I know.

Remember, dear friends, I'll be glad to hear from all of you. I surely will answer all of your letters. I would like to hear from you, Wally. I won't ask to hear from you, Pea-Jal-Bee, because I might not be able to write intelligently on diversified subjects, but I would also like to hear from Jerry of New York City. No reason why you should be lonesome. I am because my pal left me for a man in your State, but she's happily married so that makes me happy.

Thank you very kindly, Miss Lee.
Lonesome Pine of Wisconsin.

My Lonesome Pines are becoming so numerous that I'll have a whole forest soon. Just think—a private forest where I can loll all next summer and no one can say:

"Stop climbing my trees!"

Goodness, that's one thing I never could do—climb a tree! It must be great fun, too. I'm inclined to think that the monkey I had for an ancestor—if any—must have been an elephant. I can't hop along on slippery rocks, either. Come to think of it, there are lots of things I can't do.

Yes, Lonesome Pine, girls do get married and move away. But you say your pal is happily married. That's something. And you do write a beautiful hand. That's something else.

Dear Miss Lee:

Do you suppose your wonderful pals would care to write to a Schenectady girl?

I would like to hear from all nice boys and girls, for I'm sure all your boys and girls are nice, aren't they?

I am eighteen years old, five feet five inches tall, have dark brown, curly hair, blue eyes, and am considered good-looking. I promise to exchange snap-shots with everyone that writes to me. I am a lover of all sports—horseback riding, tennis, golf, ice-skating, and boys' athletic games, but dancing is my weakness.

Come on, pals, keep the mailman loaded and let all the letters be for

Bernie of Schenectady.

P. S.—Do you think you could make me buy an extra mail-box?

You're right the very first time, Bernie. All my boys and girls are nice—and then some. I'm sure many of them will write to you, so just begin saving your pennies for that new mail-box.

Dear Miss Lee:

Just ask me! Would I love to join your Club? The answer would undoubtedly be in the affirmative. I sho would.

I am nineteen summers and am Secretary to the District Attorney of our county and have been since I was graduated from high school in 1928. I am of Jewish faith.

I have long, wavy auburn hair, am

five feet three inches in height and weigh 114 pounds.

I certainly would like to hear from boys and girls from the age of twenty up. Really, I do promise a speedy reply and I mean it as I am tired writing letters to law-breakers.

Station R-E-D-S now signing off. Our program continues through the courtesy of Rosemary Lee. Thanks!

Sincerely,

Myldred.

What interesting days you must have, Myldred! Law-breakers are naughty, but they are seldom dull. Isn't that a fact?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been reading your Helping Hearts Club for some time, but could not muster up the courage to write. I am very anxious to join your club.

Now, for the description: I am almost fourteen, five feet tall and weigh ninety-eight pounds. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes and am a girl.

In the issue of September 23rd, there was a letter written by Brownie of Mich. I am enclosing a letter to her, which you will please forward to her.

I hope to get a lot of letters from pals of all ages. Now, pals, don't hesitate 'cause I'm so young. I will answer all letters promptly.

Expecting a lot of letters soon, I am, Blue Eyes of Tennessee.

Yes, you are young—adorably so—but then time will remedy that, alas. But we have many youngsters your age in our club and I remember, when I was that young, I used to spend many of my vacation hours writing letters. Every place I visited north of Hoboken, I compared the town with some famous place in Europe which was—and still is—merely a name to me. Oh, the follies of youth—and its joys! What fun it is for me to live them over again in the letters of you sweet kids!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I think your department in M. P. S. is most inviting. Each Sunday I am occupied with *Moving Picture Stories.*

Please admit me as a new member of your club. I am not lonely but I would so love to receive letters from all parts of the globe, from anyone who can speak English, boy or girl, man or woman, old or young.

Shall I describe myself? I will anyhow. My life is not exciting as I live in a small town in an eastern state. I am a senior in high school (though my letter probably doesn't look as a senior's should).

I was seventeen years old last month. I am very solid, 134 pounds, five feet five inches. (Don't let my size scare you from writing; I'll send my picture to you to reassure you I'm not so terrible.)

I have blonde hair which I keep curled, blue eyes, freckles on my nose, dimples in my cheeks, a cupid's bow, a sense of humor and a love of a good time.

I might also say I love sports, basketball, tennis, volley-ball, push-ball, baseball, horseback riding. I have tried to ride a bicycle but I haven't mastered the art as yet. I attend hockey and football games, also auto and horse races and enjoy them immensely.

I play the piano, have ambitions to play an organ and I like the classical as well as the popular music.

I dance and am not a flat tire at a party, whether it is held on a hotel roof or in the mountains.

Surely some one will write to me. I really will be able to write some really interesting letters as our senior year in school is always exciting and I expect to leave town next summer.

Bets.

You have nothing on me, Bets. Each Sunday I am occupied with *Moving Picture Stories,* too, but alas, in a different way. My dear, I think you have a great deal to be thankful for. Think what would happen if you had the freckles on your cheeks and the dimple in your nose. There,

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Girl of the Golden West

(*Continued from page* 18)

He chuckled, then shook his head.

"No, my profession has its drawbacks but I'm not an exhorter."

"You know," she said puzzled, "I can't figure out just exactly what you are."

"Try," he smiled.

"Well, you're not one of us."

"No," he admitted.

"Oh, I can tell," she said with a touch of pride. "Keepin' a saloon is a great educator. I don't know but what it's a good way to bring up girls. They get to know things. Now I trust you. I saw right from the first that you're the real article—I knew." She pushed the bottle to him. "Have your whiskey—and water," she invited.

"No, thank you," the man declined.

"Say, I've got you figured out," Minnie said suddenly. "You're awful good or awful bad. You're so good you won't drink—or you're so bad you're tired of life and whiskey."

Johnson's eyes gazed into hers gravely and there was sincerity in his voice as he returned:

"No, I'm not good—but I've lived and I like life pretty well and I'm not tired of it. So have you liked it," he added, "only you haven't lived—not with your nature. You see, I've got a quick eye, too."

"What do you mean I haven't lived?" she asked.

"I mean life for all it's worth, to the last drop of the cup—so that it atones for what's gone before or may come after. You're like finding a new kind of flower."

At that moment, Nick came rushing in with the frightened announcement that there was a rough-looking hombre outside the window, so he was going to put up all the shutters.

"I'm glad you're here tonight," The Girl laughed, turning to Johnson. "Nick's so nervous. He knows what a lot of money I've got. There's a little fortune right here in this keg. The boys sleep round it at night."

"Well, but, when they're gone, isn't this rather a careless way to leave it?"

"Oh, they'd have to kill me before they got it," she told him.

"I see—it's your money," he said.

"No, it all belongs to the boys," she informed him, "thousands of dollars in gold dust."

"Well, that's different," he remarked in evident relief. "If I were you, I wouldn't risk my life for that."

A tender, motherly light flooded The Girl's eyes.

"Oh, yes, you would if you saw how hard they get it. When I think of it, I nearly cry. Why, they eat dirt, they sleep dirt and they breathe dirt—and some of them just lie right down in their own sweat beside the sluices and they don't ever rise again. I've seen them there." A mist dimmed The Girl's eyes. "And that's what aches

you. There isn't one of these men workin' for himself alone. The Almighty never put it into any man's heart to make a beast or pack horse of himself—except for some woman or some child. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it wonderful what a man will do when it comes to a woman? You bet I'll drop down dead before anybody gets a dollar o' theirs out of The Polka."

The man looked at her approvingly, then stretched out his hand.

"You're right and I'm with you. I'd like to see anyone get a dollar out of here." He leaned closer. "You know you make me wish that I could talk to you more but I—I can't. By daylight I must be a long way off."

The Girl made no attempt to hide her disappointment.

"Oh, must you be movin' so soon? I was gonna say, if you didn't have to go right away, I'd like to have you come up to my cabin tonight so we could talk up there. The boys'll be comin' back and there'll be too many interruptions here."

The man hesitated.

"Well, I—I should ride on now—but I'll come."

"Oh, good!" She fairly danced with delight. "We can use this lantern. It's a straight trail up—you can't miss it. But—but don't expect too much of me in our talk. I—I've only had about thirty-two dollars worth of education—except what I taught myself. Perhaps if I'd had time for a little more schooling—you can't tell what I might have been. It's a terrible thought, isn't it, what you might have been! And I know it when I look at you."

They were standing in the doorway now, the giant mountains like dark sentinels all about them. To both of them the hushed silence of the forest was calling out with a thousand voices. The light from the lantern fell on The Girl's face, revealing all its softness, its sweetness. The man stood in awe before her beauty.

"What we might have been," he repeated gently. "I know it when I look at you—I know it when I look at you."

A tear mist veiled The Girl's eyes a moment, then she passed her hand quickly over them.

"Oh, it ain't no use. I'm ignorant. I don't know nothin' and I never knew it until tonight. The boys always told me I knew so much—but they're all damned liars."

The man's hand went over hers.

"You're all right, you're all right. Your heart's in the right place and that's the main thing. And, as for your looks, you have the face of an angel." He broke off abruptly. "I'll—I'll just take a glance at my horse."

He turned and went down the darkened road and the girl ran happily back to The Polka.

"Nick, Nick," she called, "you run over to the Palmetto Restaurant and tell them to send me over two charlotte russes and a lemon turnover as quick as they can. Tell 'em to send 'em up to my cabin for supper." Nick departed on his errand and The Girl softly closed the door of The Polka and skipped up the trail that led to her cabin. "Wowkle, Wowkle," she called to the Indian woman who was squatting on the floor of the one room she called home. "Hurry, straighten up things! I'm expectin' a visitor."

"Man come here!" the Indian repeated in bewilderment. "Man he no come here before!"

"Never you mind, Wowkle," The Girl returned happily. "He's comin'." From the drawer of the dresser she took out a pair of tiny black slippers. "I'm goin' to put these on Wowkle—that is, if I can get 'em on." Frantically she started to unlace the high leather boots. "He says—he says I have the face of an angel," she murmured to herself. The one foot was squeezed into the tiny slipper when a knock sounded on the door. "Oh, he's here—he's here," she cried excitedly, "and I'm not ready." The door opened and Sidney Dick stood silhouetted against the darkness of the night. "You!" The Girl exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Beg pardon, Miss," the man said uneasily. "I know men ain't allowed up here."

"No," Minnie agreed.

"But I'm in great trouble," he went on hurriedly. "The boys have missed that road agent, Ramerrez, and they're takin' it out on me. If only you'd speak a word for me!"

"No!" she told him decidedly. "Wowkle, shut that door."

"Please, Miss, don't be hard on me," Sid pleaded.

"Now look here. There's two kinds of men I can't stand, a card cheat and a thief, and you're both of them. Why, you're no better than the road agent, Ramerrez. Take that foot away from the door and get out." She gave a contemptuous glance at the two of spades that was pinned to his coat, the method Rance had taken to brand him when he had been caught cheating at poker.

"Aw, please!" he ventured again.

"Now get out!" she repeated.

He turned to go but called over his shoulder in a voice that was thick with anger:

"You public house dame!"

But the girl had never known fear—and, anyway, she was too delighted at the coming visit to feel any other emotion but joy. Now she heard footsteps coming up the trail and she hastily gave a final primp to the black bow she had tied about her golden hair. When she opened the door in response to Johnson's knock, the man could have no doubt of his welcome. It shone in her eyes, sparkled in the smile with which she greeted him. He had thought her the loveliest thing he had ever seen, even in the rough clothes she wore at The Polka. Now, in the softer dress she had donned for the great occasion, her beauty was breath-taking. Unconsciously, he made a move as if to take her in his arms. The Girl drew back with a startled, "Oh," and cast a hurried glance to the other side of the room where Wowkle was sitting, her face inscrutible.

"I beg your pardon," Johnson apologized. "I didn't notice your— But you looked so lovely and the temptation was so great that I took it."

"You must be in the habit of taking things, Mr. Johnson," she returned.

"Please forgive me. Are we friends?"

"Are you sorry?" she asked.

"No, I'm not."

A sudden puzzled look shadowed the girl's eyes.

"Say, look here. I've been thinkin'—you didn't come to the saloon to see me. What brought you?"

"It was fate," he smiled.

"You said you rode over from the Ridge. Men go to the Ridge to see Nina Micheltorena. Do you know her?"

The man hesitated a brief moment.

"Why, I—she's no friend of mine."

"Are you quite sure?" she persisted.

"Oh, yes, quite sure," he told her. Then his quick glance wandered about the room. "What a nice little place you have!"

The Girl beamed her pleasure, then invited him to sit down at the table set for two.

"And now we can talk like we said we would," she began eagerly. "Oh, I just love to hear you talk. You're

different from the men down at the saloon. They're fine, my boys, and they're loyal. There isn't a thing they wouldn't do for me, but they haven't got ideas—like—about reachin' out—and what we might have been, like we were talkin' about."

He laughed softly at her undisguised admiration, then he questioned her:

"Say, how'd you get out of here when the snow piles up?"

"Oh, the boys come and dig me out. I'm dug out most every mornin' when the mine's shut down and the academy opens."

"Academy?" he repeated, puzzled.

"Oh, I wish you could be here and talk to the boys when we have academy! We have it in the saloon two mornin's a week and I'm the teacher. I got some slates and school books in Sacramento last year. I teach myself and the boys at the same time. Oh, they're wonderful boys and they try so hard!" Her eyes glowed as they always did when she spoke of the rough miners who formed her only family.

"How I'd like to know you!" the man exclaimed earnestly.

"You do know me," she laughed shyly.

He leaned across the table.

"You know, from the very first moment I saw you, I wanted to kiss you."

She eyed him gravely.

"Some men think so much of kisses they never want a second kiss from the same girl."

"Try me," he pleaded.

"Oh, no, thank you. I don't experiment," she told him. "All you want of a girl is just—just to get her."

"You don't know what love is."

"No, I—I don't."

He was at her side now and his arms were about her.

"Tell me, is there anyone else?"

She drew back and looked into his eyes.

"A man always says, 'Who was the first?' but the girl says, 'Who'll be the next?'"

"But there comes a time when there never will be a next," he told her earnestly.

"I'd hate to stake my pile on that," she laughed. A grunt from the corner of the room reminded her for the first time of the Indian's presence. "Oh, Wowkle, get to your wigwam," she ordered.

"Must I go, too?" Johnson asked.

"Well, not just yet. You can stay an hour or two longer."

His arms tightened about her.

"One kiss, please," he begged.

"If I let you, you'll take two."

"One kiss, only one!"

"It's no use. I lay down my hands to you."

She drew closer into his arms and he pressed a lingering kiss on her sweet young lips.

"I looked into your heart, Girl, and I looked into my own," he whispered against the gold of her hair. "Now I realize what this means for both of us, for you, Girl—for you. And, knowing that, it seems hard to say, 'Goodby,' as I should."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, her eyes searching his in alarm.

"I mean it's hard to go and leave you here, but the clock reminds me that I should have been on my way long ago. Oh, God bless you, dear. I love you. Goodby."

Minnie glanced quickly at the window past which the snow was swirling in great white sheets.

"Why, you can't leave this room tonight! You couldn't find your way three feet from the door! And you, a stranger, why, you don't know the trail unless you can see it."

"I—I can't stay here," the man persisted.

She looked up at him innocently.

"Why not? It's all right. The boys will dig us out tomorrow or the next day. There's plenty of food and you can have my bed. I never use it cold nights. I always roll up in my blanket right near the fire. You're not goin'!"

"I must," he told her. "I've got very important business at dawn."

The wind howled about the little cabin as it rushed down from the surrounding mountains.

"Did you ever sample one of our mountain blizzards? Why, in five minutes you wouldn't know where you were. That important business of yours would land you in the canyon, twenty feet from here. You say you believe in fate. Well, it's caught up with you. You've got to stay here."

The man looked over her head to the little window, now coated with snow.

"You're right—my fate, fate that always makes it easy for me to do the things I shouldn't. But I know now as I stand here that I can never give you up."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked breathlessly, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of her own ears.

"I mean, suppose we say that it's an omen, that the old trail is blotted out and there's a fresh road ahead. Would you take it with me, a stranger, who says that from this day he means to be all that you want him to be? Would you take it with me, far away from here and forever?"

"Oh, would I?" she breathed. "Show me the girl that would want to go to heaven alone. I'll sell out the saloon and I'll go anywhere with you—you bet."

The man's eyes grew serious, searching.

"You know what that means, don't you?" he asked.

She nodded her head happily.

"I know. There's a little Spanish Mission church here. I pass it almost every day." She stopped abruptedly and drew back from the circle of his arms. "Say, did you ever ask any other girl to marry you?"

"No," he told her, and she knew he spoke the truth.

"Oh, I'm glad," she said, snuggling closer. "Then I don't care about anything else. Take me, take me anywhere as long as it is with you—just take me."

MEANWHILE, down at The Polka, Sheriff Rance was scrutinizing a picture he held in his hands.

"Why, this is Johnson, the man who was here tonight," he said in amazement.

"Yes," Ashby assented.

"But what makes this Nina Micheltoreina so sure he is Ramerrez?"

"Why, she's his girl," Ashby told him.

Rance's face glowed with satisfaction which was not entirely due to the prospect of capturing a clever bandit.

"Oh, good! Have you searched everywhere?"

"Everywhere," Ashby returned. "He ain't in this man's camp." The door burst open and Sonora dashed in.

"Well, we found his horse at a couple of scrub oak out at the road, all saddled and bridled, ready for a quick vamoose."

"I'll take a look up the trail," Rance volunteered.

As he passed out of The Polka, Sid entered, still smarting from his recent encounter with The Girl.

"Mr. Ashby, who are they lookin' for?" he asked ingratiatingly.

"For Ramerrez, the road agent, the fella who calls himself Mr. Johnson of Sacramento."

Sid came closer.

"Maybe it was him I saw goin' up the road."

"This man knows something," Ashby told the sheriff who returned at that moment.

"Maybe it wasn't him you're lookin' for," Sid put in. "But it was some man I never saw before. He was goin' up the road to The Girl's cabin."

"You lie!" Rance exclaimed.

Ashby held out a picture.

"That's him," Sid said eagerly. "I saw his face clearly. He had a lantern."

Rance's voice boomed out through the stillness of the night:

"Come on, boys! We're going up to The Girl's cabin!"

(To be continued in Moving Picture Stories, December 9.)

Min and Bill

(*Continued from page* 16)

"You can't tell her. It'll kill her," she protested. Bella began to pull on a pair of dirty gloves, purposely deliberate. "She's had a tough go of it—but now she's got a chance to be happy—respectable."

Bella cut in with a shriek of laughter:

"Respectable!" Her laughter broke off suddenly and her eyes grew big as she described her plans for the future. "She's gonna be rich. She's gonna live in a big house up there on top of the hill and have jewelry and servants to wait on her. And, believe me, I'll be there for my share—I'll have those diamonds you seen in your cards—or I'll know the reason why. A church weddin'—with mother arrivin' just in time to kiss the bride. Whoops-a-daisy! Here's your long-lost mother!" With meticulous care, knowing that every move was torture to Min, she poured herself a drink and raised the glass to her lips. With a shudder she spat out the last mouthful of whisky and said, "Ugh! I'll soon be drinkin' champagne!"

Min pushed her heavy bulk between Bella and the door. But this did not perturb Bella.

"Stop me today and I'll go tomorrow. Don't be a fool, Min. Your game is up."

"Why, Bella," Min pleaded, "she's your own flesh and blood, and, if you got any heart left in you, you'll go away. Don't you see, Bella, if you show up at the church and they see you——"

"Aw, dry up! You've had your say—now I'll have mine," Bella flung back over her shoulder as she started for the door.

Min stumbled forward, her hands outstretched to stop her. Picking up the red hot curling iron, Bella struck her viciously across the arm. Min fell back apace, stunned by the pain of the burn. The two women stood staring at each other, Bella trying hard to hold onto her fierce aggressiveness, while an ominous and terrific calm seemed to pervade Min's features.

"You let me alone," Bella whimpered threateningly, although Min had made no move to molest her. "I ain't afraid of you, Min, or any of 'em." She would have said more, but Min's quiet fury hypnotized her. For a moment they stood this way, then Bella, confident that Min would not attack her, started to speak again. "And, if they don't like me, they can pay to get rid of me—thousands of dollars—get me? Or I'll yell it from the housetops—I'll stand in the streets and spit on 'em as they pass by—I'll point my finger at her—I'll tell her who she really is and what I think about her—and, when I call a spade a spade, nobody ever forgets it. You told me she was dead. Well, she'll wish she was dead before I get through with her."

She was ready to leave now, but Min blocked her path. Very quietly she spoke.

"You're not going out of this room."

"Ain't I? Who's goin' to stop me?" Bella asked with an ugly laugh.

She started to brush by Min, but the old woman thrust her back so viciously that she reeled against a dresser in a corner of the room.

"Well, I'm goin' to stop you."

"You ain't got the guts to do it—I've got you just where I want you."

For a long time the two women stood facing each other—wary—both ready to spring at the first hostile move of the other. Bella's bravado began to die away and in its place came a look, first of fear, then of rage, and finally of desperate defiance. Only once did Min's eyes glance away from Bella's—they moved slowly to the pillow on the bed. Under it was hidden Bill's revolver.

Very cautiously Bella began to sidle toward the door. She was breathing heavily and her face was haggard and blanched with fear. With one swift move, Min reached the bed and grabbed the gun. Bella's face sagged and went white with terror as she caught sight of it. Min pointed it menacingly at her breast.

"Now you listen to me, you gutter rat!" she cried, her voice rising to a crescendo as her fury was released in speech. "Neither you nor anybody else on this earth is goin' to ruin that girl's life. I've loved her with what little decency there is left in me—and I'm not gonna let a filthy creature like you—even if you are her mother—break her heart and drag her down—well, as low as you are. Just because you've crawled in the muck all your life, you can't throw any of your dirt on her. She's clean and good—and trustin'. She's loyal, too—even to an old sea cow like me—and she's got her chance now to marry a decent man and have kids. If you make one move toward that door, Bella Pringle, I'm goin' to kill you."

Bella, in gibbering terror, stared at the gun and then, without thinking, screamed twice piercingly and made a break for the door. Min fired twice. Bella staggered forward and then fell in a heap, dead.

Staring dully before her, as if she could scarcely grasp the significance of what she had done, Min sat down on the edge of her bed. She didn't even look up when the door was flung open and Bill came in, his mouth agape in horrified astonishment.

"You've killed her!" he gasped and then, noticing Min's torpor, he went on, "Come out of it! What happened? What did she do to you?"

"Nothin'," Min answered dully.

"But you must have had a row. Pull yourself together. They'll get you for it, Min, arrest you—send you to jail. You gotta get outa here. My boat was all ready to put out when I came back to say goodby to you and heard the shots. Come on with me. We'll head right down to the coast of Mexico."

Realizing that his words had no effect upon Min, he stopped talking and started to lead her out of the room. As they passed through the bar, Alec, hidden behind the door, watched them go down toward the pier. He, too, had heard the shots and came running to see what it was all about. With a leer in his eyes, he hurried upstairs.

AT the pier, the bridal party was bidding goodby to the bride and bridegroom. There was laughter and light talk and music. The Camerons and the Southards and all the nice people of the town were there, surrounded by a group of idlers and fishermen.

"Well, we'll have to wait until they get away," Bill said. "The yacht will be pullin' out in a few minutes."

Min showed no signs of having heard him.

"They'll hang you," he whispered desperately in an effort to recall her to herself.

"Might as well die one way as another, Bill," she returned in a resigned voice.

Footsteps sounded on the wharf near where they stood and Bill turned to look nervously at an old Italian fisherman who passed them without so much as a glance. Bill continued to gaze after him and, before he knew it, Min had started toward the bridal party.

"Min—Min! Come back here!" he called to her.

She went on as if she did not hear him, and, as Nancy passed her, unseeing in her hurry to reach the boat that was to take her out to the yacht, her bridal veil floating behind her, Min sighed and smiled and a look of great contentment stole over her face. Nancy was happy. That was the important thing.

Min crossed over to the edge of the pier to get a last glimpse of the girl as she boarded the yacht. Suddenly it began to rain, a few drops at first and then quite a shower. This caused a great deal of excitement and laughter and everyone in the bridal party scurried for shelter.

Bill, still fearful for his old friend's safety, ran up and started to drag Min away. Before he had gotten her more than a few paces, two policemen, led by Alec, came up and took her by the arms.

"Let her go! She never done nothin'!" Bill said frantically.

"Not much—only murdered a woman," one of the officers said, snapping handcuffs on Min's bony wrists.

"I know why she killed her," Alec volunteered, his face wreathed in smiles. "It was over him—Bill. They had a fight once—jealousy."

A faint smile crossed Min's face and a look of complete satisfaction crept into her eyes. This was a complete alibi. Now they would never know; no one could every pry it out of her.

"Aw, gee, Min," Bill said, "you shouldn't have done it! Why, she wasn't worth one of your little corns!"

Min looked over at him and tenderness crept into her eyes.

"Goodby, Bill," she said. "Don't feel bad about it. Life's short. We're both goin' to the same place. We'll meet again. Come on, boys."

With a policeman on either side of her, Min marched off to jail, the rain pouring down over her happy face.

Dough Boys

(*Continued from page* 17)

ities—and going down the street they passed Mary. Learning the cause of the trouble, she believed the worst.

But, no matter how dark the days were without the light of Mary's smile, no matter how heavy his heart was with the knowledge that she had lost faith in him, Elmer resolved to be brave. He would perform some deed of daring. He would get killed and be awarded a medal. The medal would be given to Mary and she would be sorry.

But, in undertaking a new business, one is very apt to make mistakes. Elmer learned this when he started in on the business of being brave. He made his first mistake on the night he sallied forth alone to bring in a German, a general if there happened to be one strolling around. His heart leaped high with hope as he saw a stout figure stealing along in front of him. He grabbed hold of the figure, who was too thoroughly frightened at the unexpected encounter to offer much resistance, and dragged him back to camp—only to find that it was one of his own buddies, Abie Cohen, who has been sent out on a scouting expedition. Then one night he decided to cut the wires and thus shut the Germans off from all communication with headquarters. He cut the wires successfully—but they were the wires of his own army.

But every dog has his day—and finally Elmer's came, only it was a night. On one of his personally conducted scouting tours, he unexpectedly found himself in a machine gun outpost of the enemy and in the outpost he discovered Gustave, his former valet. But Elmer was safe. The Germans had been out of ammunition for four days and out of food for the same length of time.

"I'll fix that little thing up for you, buddies," Elmer offered. "Just tell me what you crave."

Orders came thick and fast, thicker and faster than one human brain—even Elmer's—could hold. In desperation he searched for a paper to jot down the various articles of food desired by his new-found friends. One of the Germans, seeing his predicament, thrust a large paper into his hand and, with a business-like air, Elmer filled one side of it with notations of limberger, pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, hasenpfeffer and Weiner schnitzel. Where in No Man's Land he expected to find these delicacies, no one knew, but life had always fulfilled his desires. There was no reason to believe that life would leave him in the lurch at this juncture.

Back in his own dugout, he was hailed as the hero of the hour. There was not the slightest doubt about a medal now—and he wouldn't have to be killed to get it either—for the paper on which this self-appointed waiter had written his orders was none other than the German military map. But at this particular moment this fact did not seem so important to Elmer as the crying need of his new-found friends for food. However, his commanding officer would not hear of his returning to the enemy's line. He must go back to the rear and have a good time whether he wanted to or not.

And again fate dropped the proverbial silver spoon right into Elmer's mouth. At the entertainment camp he found Mary. And the heroing business was booming again. He spied the girl of his heart just as the enemy's shells were beginning to fall. He picked her up in his arms and thrust her into the front seat of a truck that was standing at hand and took his place beside her. And now he could double up on heroing, for, when he had driven Mary to a place of safety, he would fill the truck with poor wounded soldiers and bring them back. Little did he dream that the truck was filled with ammunition. He discovered it only in time to jump off with Mary before a bomb blew it to pieces.

Out across the fields they dashed—right into an enemy machine-gun hole. The Germans waved and shouted to them and, hand clasped in hand, they prepared to sell their lives dearly. But the Armistice had been signed. They were now no longer enemies but boys on a holiday.

Back in America, Elmer resumed his duties as President of Stuyvesant Utilities and running errands for the dough boy were the major, the captain, the top-sergeant and Abie Cohen—and running Elmer was Mrs. Elmer Stuyvesant, 2nd, none other than Mary Murphy.

Helping Hearts Club

(Continued from page 22)

there, Rosemary, that will be about enough from you!

My dear Miss Lee:

Tonight, for the first time, I picked up a copy of the *Moving Picture Stories,* thinking that I was just going to look through it, but imagine my surprise when I saw Helping Hearts Club! I bought the magazine immediately and came home to read the letters in your department.

As a matter of fact, I have good friends with whom I correspond at present. They are all in a foreign country or countries, like Lithuania, Denmark, Austria, Italy, etc., but I thought that, when I saw your department, I ought to correspond with friends in my own country. I hope you'll allow me to become a member of your wonderful club.

I am in school, that is a university, at present, studying. I am a sophomore and am eighteen. In two more years I shall graduate and then I am going to France to live for about a year and then take up my work as a foreign correspondent or representative of some concern.

I am interested in all sports, especially football and basketball. I am five feet eight inches tall and weigh about 150 pounds. I have brown hair and brown eyes. Some say I'm good looking, but I don't believe them. Anyhow, I would like to hear from anyone of either sex who would like to correspond with me.

Bill of La Grange.

P.S.—Perhaps you would like to know what *La Grange* means in English. It means *the barn.* But don't think for a moment that we are "hicks" here, with hay seeds in our ears. No, sir, not we! We are a thriving little community.

I have plenty of time, paper, ink and stamps, so come on, *chappies* and *femmes.* I'll answer all letters promptly.

It's splendid, Bill, that you have so clearly outlined in your mind just what career you wish to follow. That's a great step forward in the battle of life, for now you can shape your studies to that end. I wonder if the fact that the town in which you live was formerly a French settlement has anything to do with forming your decision. Such circumstances sometimes shape our lives.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

The other day Daddy brought home your little magazine. I was very much attracted by its interesting little stories but was much more interested in your column. I think it is a wonderful idea.

I hope you will accept me as a member of your club. I am just eighteen, have black, wavy hair and wear it in a shoulder-length bob. I hope to be able to put it up soon. I have large blue eyes. I'm five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds.

I have lots of friends, both girls and boys, and am considered very happy-go-lucky by them.

I am very fond of all sports and especially of dancing. The movies interest me greatly, too.

I hope to receive just lots of letters from boys and girls all over the country. I'll promise to answer all.

A Long Islander.

But why put that hair up, my dear? Think of the hairpins! You think of them—I can't.

Dear Miss Lee:

This is my first try at writing to you or to any other club. I suppose it was the name of your club that appealed to me, but, anyway, here goes! I want pen pals, oh, ever so many pen pals! Do I get them? I don't care how old or young they are or whether they're thin or fat. I suppose the next thing is to give you a description of myself. Well, I must admit I'm nothing to write home about, but beauty is only skin deep. I'm sixteen and weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds. I have fair skin, sprinkled with very light freckles. And, oh, hold everything! I have red hair. But don't let that discourage you. Did I tell you yet that I'm a member of the fair, frail sex? I guess the next thing is to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine and particularly your club. I'm very fond of movies, my favorite actresses being Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor. Among my favorite actors are Maurice Chevalier, George Bancroft, Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher, Gary Cooper and last, but not least, Ronald Colman. Miss Lee, will you please tell me what to do when you find out your best friend wasn't such a friend? Did you ever have such an experience? It certainly makes you feel pretty bitter. It's no good though, to go around with a gloomy look on your face. I always try to keep smiling. Have I the right idea? Before I say goodby, I want to ask you, Miss Lee, if you'll *please, please* give me a hand in making new friends. I must not be selfish and take up all your time on my letter, so I'll say goodby, but I hope not for good. May I sign myself

Your friend,

Red from Canada?

Well, my dear, the very first thing to do is to be absolutely sure that this friend isn't such a friend. You know, I think we make more mistakes in this direction than in any

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other. We are so prone to judge by appearances, so apt to mistake the meaning behind words and, alas, so ready to give credence to the busy gossiper who has no more use for idle moments than to make trouble. And, then, when we're sure we're right, the hard—but brave—thing to do is to face the person we thought to be our friend and have a heart-to-heart talk. Maybe, even in the final analysis, we may be wrong, and an honest exchange of opinions may divert the threatened storm. And, after all, isn't a friend worth this trouble? But you have the right idea. Keep a smile on your face and pretty soon that smile will seep through your whole being. Isn't it the psychologist, James, who tells us we're happy because we smile and we're sad because we cry, instead of the other way around? I know you're going to prove he's right in the first instance.

Red hair discourage anyone? Oh, my dear! I saw Nancy Carroll in person for the first time the other evening and such a ravishing, dainty little creature—well, I just can't do her justice. And she has red hair, a whole mop of it. How thankful she should be to the dear little gods who pass out good looks—and humble, for any blessing should make us humble. Well, sir, if it hadn't been such a long stage show before Nancy came on again, I certainly would have stayed for another glimpse of her beauty. I know I should be blasé and bored as so many of the fan magazine writers are but I just can't. You know, with some of our tribe, it's considered to be bad form to be enthusiastic about the plays and players. Then your Rosemary will have to be in bad form. Anyway, I'm having a great time. I have to see three pictures between five and humpty ter hump o'clock tonight. Just think of the agony if I had to be bored all that time!

Dear Miss Rosemary Lee:

I have just read about your club and would like to join it very much if there is any chance.

I am seventeen years of age. I have dark brown, curly hair, cut short like a boy's. I am five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds. I like all sorts of sports and dancing. I am of a boyish type. It seems that I just can't pass a dare. I am full of fun and pep. I like all sorts of excitement and adventures. I can act sophisticated and dignified when it is necessary.

I would love to write to loads of friends, either sex, although boys seem to like me better than girls do. Write soon, everybody, as I'll be waiting for letters from some pen friends.

Just Me of Philadelphia.

There are some dares we just must pass up, Just Me. You know, there are some people sleeping in a place we don't like to think about just because they couldn't pass up a dare.

Dear Miss Lee:

This is probably an old story, but a good story or excuse never grows old. I was glancing through the magazines on the stand in a drug-store and I came across *Moving Picture Stories.* The real reason I looked at it twice was because I saw the picture of my favorite, Miss Davies. Looking at the bottom of the page, I saw a question which promptly brought another question into my mind. The question was, "Want a Pen Pal?" My question is, "Does a duck like water?" Sounds sort of silly but it matches my feelings.

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Of MOVING PICTURE STORIES, published bi-weekly at Brooklyn, New York, for October 1, 1930.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ethel Rosemon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the MOVING PICTURE STORIES and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Pal Publishing Corporation, 1478 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ethel Rosemon, 1478 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owners are: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Pal Publishing Corporation, 1478 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Jean Boord, 1478 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Theodore Bussman, 1478 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ETHEL ROSEMON, *Editor.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this day of November, 1930.

JOSEPH B. WHITLY,
Commissioner of Deeds, City of New
Kings County Clerk No. 30
(My commission expires May 14,

I am nine—let's say twenty. (It's only a few days off). I am fond of sports, viz., basketball, baseball, soccer and aquatic sports. I go out to dances when I get the chance. Going to work in the day and college at night has not given me a chance to associate with many folks of my age or thereabouts.

I have been looking for this type of enjoyment for quite a while and have at last found it.

I am five feet and five inches tall and weigh 145 pounds. My hair is of the blond variety and is always getting little curls which are a pain to keep down. It has about as many waves as Lake Michigan on a windy day. (What's good to use so that I can get rid of them?) I am of Jewish faith but American-born. My business is trying to persuade people with one vacuum cleaner to buy another. Just try that once, and see how many people you can talk to! Slam! There goes another door in the face! Oh, boy, what encouragement for an ambitious salesman!

Enuf tho! Coming down to bare or plain facts, I want to say that I was greatly encouraged by the letter from Just Curly from Conn.

Come on, pen pals, let's hear from one and all and make this a happy world for a lonesome and bullet-frightened Chicago youth. Stop! What's that noise? That's all right! Just another poor guy killed from a stray bullet!

Now, Miss Lee, I've been keeping this for the end so that you could get some tears in your eyes and thus say yes. Well, here goes!

May I join your club — please!!!

Excuse the penmanship, please. My Palmer Method Diploma has not come yet.

Sincerely,
Windy City Joe.

But think, Joe, how much worse it would be if your wish-they-would-be customers slammed a window in your face—and the putty happened to be loose—as is the case with some of the windows in my old homestead. (I really must get them fixed over the weekend.)

Do I know of anything to keep those curls down? 'Deed I don't, and, 'deed, again, I wouldn't tell you if I did. Just send them on to me together with one of your vacuums. Guess what happened to mine! Well, it's a sad story but here goes. For the past two years, I have been treasuring a beautiful radio and waiting for Mr. Edison to change the current in my neighborhood, for, whatever it was, my radio was the other. Then, joy, along came the notice that the change was about to be made! My menagerie and I went into conference and decided we'd have a party the night the change took place and invite all the neighbors who had permitted us to camp in their living-room and listen to our favorites. The current was changed. I went skipping down the street in the shadow of the stately elms and other animal life, put my key in my bachelor door—only to find that some one had been there before me, had removed all the inners from my radio, my whole vacuum, with the exception of some fancy little attachments, and a few other treasured odds and ends. Entering the house, the uninvited visitor had cut his hand and had used my iodine, leaving the cork off. Will he please come back and put the cork in place and receive the vacuum attachments? I take it—just because he took mine—he has a radio of his own which was also the wrong current—else why did he cast covetous eyes and hands on the inners of mine? And I suppose Rags, Tinker Bell, Pal, Lucky, Woofie, Little Stranger, Lady Rosemary, Red Rambler and Lady Chum of Chumeley wagged their tails in greeting and Powder Puff, Dempsey, Little Fella, Kitty White and Inky purred a welcome. Well, you can't blame them much. That's the way they've been brought up. And all my friends say: "Rosemary, you need never be afraid with all these dogs around."

I'm not—but I bet the radio and the vacuum were scared stiff. If only they could talk with their attachments removed!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Having discovered your H. H. C., I am sending in my first letter, and, although you cannot see me, I am down on my two old knees praying for you to say yes.

I'm fifteen years old, have blonde hair, blue eyes and a slightly upturned nose. (No freckles on it, however). I weigh ninety-nine lbs. and stretch upward about five feet three. I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write and will answer any letters promptly.

I would especially like to hear from George of Detroit and the Maine-iac.

Hoping to get some new pals, I remain,

Yours for the eating,
Cherry.

And how do you know I haven't a little television in my home?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I'd love to join your club. May I? My Dad has a store, or has just bought one, and, looking through the magazines, I came across page nineteen with Helping Hearts written across the top. I knew then and there what I'd do, so I've done it.

One letter interested me particularly and that was Betsy Mae's letter. I do wish she would write to me. I am fifteen, almost sixteen. I have light brown hair and blue eyes and a fair complexion. I love all sports, especially tennis and swimming.

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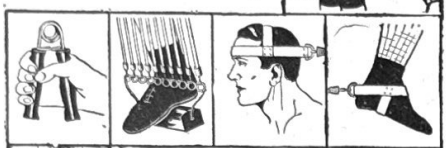

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I would love to hear from pen pals, both boys and girls, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. I hope I do!

Betty of Baltimore.

Bless you, little Betty, why don't you write to Betsy Mae? I know she'd be so pleased to hear from you. Never feel a bit backward about writing to the pals whose leters interest you. I'm betting you're going to have great fun out of your Dad's new store. And it's comforting to know that we have one little guardian watching over the welfare of little M. P. S. on cold winter nights. Be sure to see that your Dad gives her a nice warm place to sleep when he closes up shop.

Dear Miss Rosemary:

Being in need of friends, I desire membership in this worth-while club of pals.

I'm of that curious species of civilization called the American author. I've written three stories, one of them being a novel of 243 pages. None is sold yet.

I'm nineteen, five feet tall, slim, with blue eyes and black hair. I'd be kind of handsome if it were not for a pair of glasses, which, through overstudy, I have forced myself to wear. I can't blame anybody but myself for that, and some day I expect to be repaid.

I would enjoy letters from both boys and girls of about my age or older, interested in outdoor sports, and especially from amateur writers like myself. In the latter case, it would be a very helpful exchange of ideas in a profession which is difficult to master.

I await the postman, and anticipate lots of letters.

Sincerely,

Author from Mass.

I think you have the right idea of exchanging letters with those interested in the same line of work. I hope some of those stories will stay put where you send them some day soon.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

If loneliness is the key with which to enter your Helping Hearts Club, I have one for the back and front door and all the windows.

I'm from the "wild and woolly" West, where men are men, ride horses and punch cows! But, ssh,

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don't tell anyone—the only horse I've ridden on is a saw horse and, as for punching cows, I'd just as soon walk up and punch Young Stribling.

Speaking of walking, it's one of my hobbies. If I weren't certain Uncle Sam has good marathon walkers, I'd undertake to deliver this letter personally to be positive you get it for your next issue—that is, if you'll consider me a member.

I'd like very much to hear from any and all of your "big family" of friends, especially Jerry of New York City, as I've recently lost a pal, too, and from Wally, as I've done a little stampeding about the states and we could swap anecdotes.

Must I? I must! Oh, well, I look a lot like Jack Oakie with a perpetual grin. Otherwise, my face is never deformed. Oh, yes! Quite a man in my early twenties!

I've already installed an eight by twelve mailbox, so, until the mailman comes around, here's hoping!

Sunny Jim.

At that, Sunny Jim, it isn't such a long walk from your town to my town. And your town was my town during my newspaper days. But,

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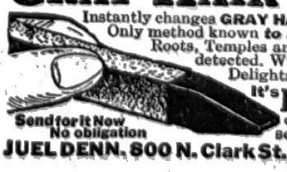

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even then, I never tried to walk to New York. At that, I could do it in a pinch—but, oh, my, what a pinch!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I was looking for something interesting to read when I picked up your magazine and opened it up to your department. I thought, "What a good idea to spend some of my plentiful spare time!" Up to the present time I have been working in Chicago but was called home and find it rather dull and quiet compared to the hustle and bustle of the big city. I would like to hear from young men twenty-four years of age and up. I guess I'd make a good gentleman as I've a weakness for blondes and blue eyes—especially blue eyes. I have brown hair and eyes. I suppose that's why. I am twenty-two years of age, five feet two inches tall. So here's hoping none of you will hesitate to write just cause you aren't just the type I like most. I don't exactly hate myself either, you know.

Bella Jeane.

I have found, Bella Jeane, that, when we grow to like a person, we become partial to his or her particular kind of looks. At college I became especially attached to a girl from Tennessee. At vacation time my family heard very little except ravings about this girl's beauty. I took her home with me for one holiday season and—well, I continued to think her beautiful no matter what any one else said. After all, beauty is of the soul and not a mere accident of features.

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(3) Stamp letters to be forwarded, and address them in lead pencil across the back with pen names of pals. Enclose these in envelope addressed to Rosemary Lee.

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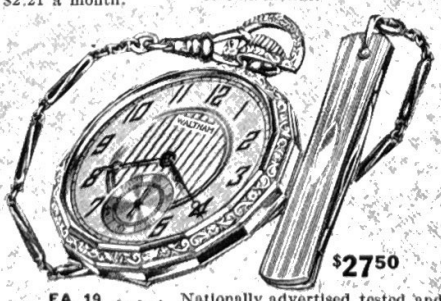

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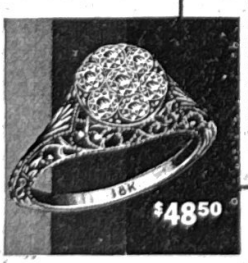

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